

BAY AREA REPORTER

1528 15TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

TELEPHONE: 415/861-5019

VOL. XII NO. 1 JANUARY 7, 1982

49'er Fever Spreads

Gay community
not immune

by Allen White

49'er Fever has hit the Gay community like everywhere else in San Francisco. The Village on 18th Street was jammed with people watching the 49'ers defeat the New York Giants 38-24 in Sunday's division playoff.

At the Starlight Room, they planned for the game by bringing in four television sets, redecorating the bar with 49'er banners and red balloons. Bar owner Bob Shore thought the score would be about 10 to 7 and offered to buy the house a drink every time San Francisco scored. The San Francisco 49'ers scored 38 points, and Shore picked up the tab on many a drink. The bar held a drawing during commercial breaks for banners and other 49'er souvenirs.

The Bay Area Reporter talked to one of the 49'ers biggest boosters, Supervisor Harry Britt. He was at Candlestick Park, and he said the afternoon was wonderful. He noted that it was a fabulous way to express our pride in San Francisco. When the score was 24-17 and the Giants had just scored a touchdown, "the silence was scary. The crowd of 60,000 people were there to see San Francisco win and there was real tension. The release came when the Giants missed on a field goal attempt." Britt noted that the 49'ers were picked at the beginning of the season to be, at best, 3rd or 4th in the Western Division. They have been the underdogs all the way. If they win the game next Sunday against the Dallas Cowboys, they will be playing in the Super Bowl.

Britt commented that next Sunday it's not going to be easy to beat Dallas. "They are," he says, "what can be described as the American

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Britt Seeks Major Sculpture for City

George Segal
grouping could
come here

by Paul Lorch

Supervisor Harry Britt and a group of Gay supporters have been working to bring a major work of contemporary art to San Francisco. Britt for the past month has been negotiating with directors of the Mildred Andrews Foundation to have American sculptor George Segal's 1980 bronze grouping installed in an appropriate San Francisco setting. Britt has also been meeting with Mayor Dianne Feinstein and her aides to clear away any and all obstacles at this end.

The acquisition for San Francisco would be a major one — as important as the Henry Moore abstract bronze in front of Louise M. Davies Hall on Van Ness Avenue. If all goes according to plan, the Segal piece, entitled "Gay Liberation," will be placed somewhere in Harvey Milk Plaza (the southeast corner of Castro and Market Streets).

The bronze (with a white patina) grouping was executed by internationally acclaimed sculptor George Segal. Segal's work is referred to as post-pop art or the new realism of the 1970's. In 1980 Segal was commissioned by the Mildred Andrews Foundation to do a piece that would say something about the contemporary phenomenon of the Gay rights struggle.

Segal responded with a 6-foot high, 6½-foot deep and 16-foot wide grouping. The piece holds four life-size fig-



"Gay Liberation" — 6' x 6½' x 16' in whitened bronze by George Segal sought for Harvey Milk Plaza.

ures, two males standing (one with his arm around the other) and two females seated on a park bench (one with her hand on the other's thigh). Two castings of the currently existing plaster models have been planned, and ever since the foundation has been seeking appropriate locations for the large outdoor pieces. Originally, one was offered to New York City and the second to Los Angeles.

The New York piece, accepted by the city, is earmarked for Sheridan Square in Greenwich Village. As the piece has yet to be cast, it has yet to be installed.

The Los Angeles story is somewhat more complex and because of its inability to fulfill

the conditions of the Mildred Andrews Foundation, the deal fell through. Los Angeles had until November 1 to produce a plan. At that point the Andrews Foundation let it be known they were open to other suggestions. Morris Kight who was part of the Los Angeles ad hoc committee seeking to secure the sculpture contacted Harry Britt with the news that the work could go to San Francisco if the conditions were met.

In Los Angeles two groups became involved in securing and paving the way for the Segal bronze: an ad hoc art committee and the Mariposa Foundation.

The interested parties could not agree on an appropriate

site, and the city of Los Angeles failed to spearhead the project. The Andrews Foundation stipulations are few yet are problem-causing. The foundation retains title on the sculpture until it is set up in a permanent prominent place. That place must be controlled by municipal government and reflect the dignity of government. The piece must be accepted in perpetuity, and it must be part of a program to further the arts. The Segal piece must also be placed outdoors.

The Los Angeles interested parties fell into one dispute after another as to who had the ultimate say, where the piece should go, etc. The city

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"Mickey Finn" Suspect First Took Chicago

Gay Network Aids Police

by Paul Lorch

It's half a continent between San Francisco and Chicago, but when it comes to crime against Gays the network is tighter than one would suppose.

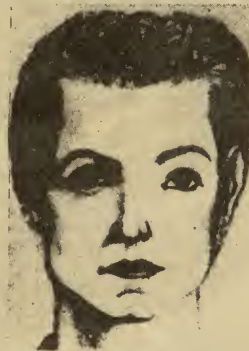
In the last issue of the Bay Area Reporter a story entitled "Tricking with a Mickey Finn" brought out immediate responses. The story detailed the robbery of a Gay male after he had been drugged by his guest. He was out for 17 hours and spent another night in the hospital. When he re-

turned home, he found it ransacked. He lost thousands of dollars in goods from wrapped Christmas presents to a 9' x 12' Chinese rug.

Since the story broke, which at first looked like an isolated event, two other victims have reported to police similar experiences. The first victim was approached in the Pendulum on 18th Street. The second victim was singled out in a Castro area supermarket. The third was targeted on Larkin Street near Post. The suspect MO and description were similar: a

20-ish, average height, Eastern Mediterranean male with dark curly hair. He spoke with an accent — possibly Greek.

The day after the paper came out, Gays who had been in Chicago before Christmas began calling the paper saying that the story was similar to ones they had read in Chicago. A further check revealed that Chicago Gay News had run several stories on "the knock-out drop" robberies in November and December. The Advocate in its pre-Christmas issue had run a Chicago police



[Artist's composite sketch]

composite drawing.

Earlier in the day the SFPD told the Bay Area Reporter that they too had reason to believe the suspect had been

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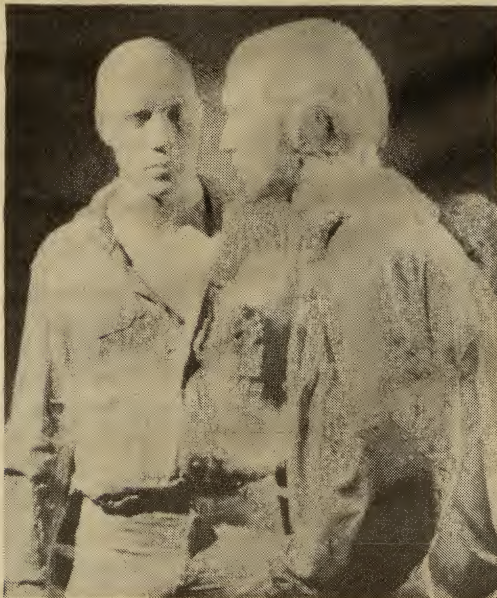
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Major Sculpture for City



Detail from George Segal 1980 bronze.



The female figures seated at park bench. Segal models from life.

— with Mayor Tom Bradley running for state office — treaded water.

Britt when he took up the task of getting the piece to San Francisco insisted on three points: First, that San Francisco had no desire to be in competition with Los Angeles for the piece. Second, that the offer be *bona fide* and that San Francisco be given a guaranteed time to complete the project. Third, that the Gay community of San Francisco and the City itself not be set up as a stalking horse for the Los Angeles interests. Morris Kight who has been a prime mover in the project from the first was less than unequivocal that all these items would be honored.

Mayor Feinstein was reported to be in favor of securing a major work of Segal's stature for San Francisco.

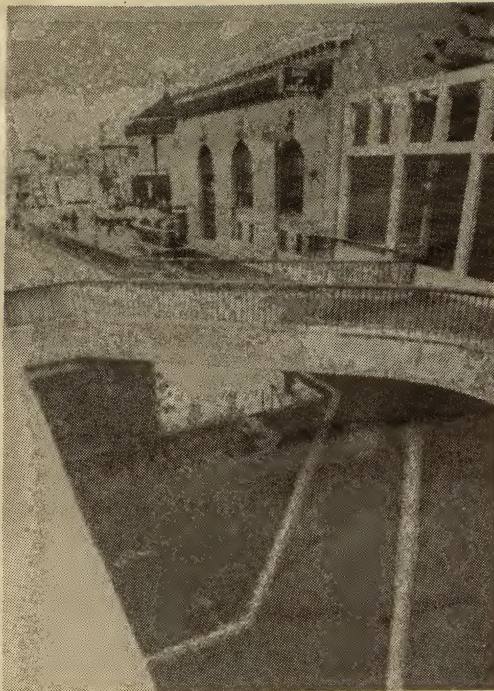
THE ARTIST

Segal has been producing his plaster figures for over twenty years. His sculptures are part of every major private contemporary collection, and his work is on view in major museums throughout the world.

His work is at all three modern museums in New York City: The Whitney, The Guggenheim, and The Museum of Modern Art. He is in both the national collections of Washington, D.C., and Ottawa. Philadelphia's Museum of Art and the Academy of Fine Art each have one of his works. Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Toronto, Paris, Helsinki all have him in their art collections; in all, Segal is part of 36 public collections.

The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art purchased a Segal sculpture in 1979. The piece entitled "The Hot Dog Stand" is a plaster and wooden composition. It is 6 feet wide, 7 feet deep, and 9 feet high. The stand has a stained glass ceiling after a Mondrian painting. At the time there was a major exhibition of Segal. San Francisco has the only museum Segal on the West Coast and is very proud of it. It is not on display at the current time and has been dismantled until room permits its permanent display.

Segal, who was born in 1924, has been exhibiting since 1956. Mark Rosenthal, curator of the University of California Art Museum in



A view of Harvey Milk Plaza at Market and Castro, the proposed site for the Segal grouping. (Photo by Rink)

Berkeley, said, "George Segal is one of the major American sculptors today. I wish there was one in our museum."

Segal casts in plaster from life but not in the usual sense. He wraps his models in bandages soaked in wet plaster. The sitters are protected by layers of burlap or plastic as the new skin absorbs the contours and posture of the enwrapped figures. Segal molds this skin, which becomes more generalized than the individualized features inside of the mask. The artist then cuts off each separate section when it has hardened. He next joins all the skins which forms the sculpture. Says one critic, "He converts the documentary human traces into resonant images of humanity."

His figures have an expressive clumsiness, a kind of dumb concreteness that is stressed by their build — thick rather than athletic. His characters often have Frankenstein monster feet. (The monster, as defined in early movies, was touching in its approximation to human bearing.)

Around his figures Segal creates hardware. He assembles the hardware — found objects like coke machines, porcelain tubs, chairs, ladders. He casts his figures at their most representative moment in typical situations. Segal's early sculptures were figures at table, a bus driver behind the wheel, a man on a bicycle, a guard in a toll booth, a man leaning on a pinball machine. In 1980 he used the park bench twice: once for the piece slated for San Francisco and also for a life-size work entitled "Girl in the Blue Dress." This piece was featured in the July 1981 issue of *Art News*.

Segal has often been referred to as having a special kinship to painter Edward Hopper. Although separated by a generation and working in different mediums, both responded to the "environment" around them. Both have conveyed moods of human isolation — intensified by the architectural barriers. The architecture both involves and cuts off the figures.

Paul Lorch

(Continued from Page 1)

49'er Fever Spreads

Team. They are a team that is built on perfection fine-toothed by computers."

"On the other hand," Britt said, "the 49'ers are the team from the other side of the tracks who nobody expects to win." But, the San Francisco 49'ers are winning. Not only are they winning but they are bringing all of San Francisco along for the win. Last Sunday, at the San Francisco Ballet, the audience in the Opera House went wild when the score was announced.

This week, the Starlight Room will again be hosting a 49'er-Dallas Cowboy football party starting at 1pm. They will be serving free hot dogs,

and Bob Shore has promised to buy the house a drink every time the 49'ers score. The Midnight Sun has announced that this Sunday they will be showing the game on their sophisticated television system. The Village again is looking for a capacity crowd of football fans. Fe-Be's on Folsom and Polk Street's New Bell are both throwing game parties this Sunday. By next Sunday, just about every bar that can get their hands on a television set will be showing the game.

Harry Britt has a great desire. He notes all the banners that people bring. "Wouldn't it be great if someone would make up a Gay banner and

bring it to the game?"

The game starts next Sunday at 2pm between two of this year's classiest football teams, the San Francisco 49'ers and the Dallas Cowboys. Played at Candlestick Park, the advantage is for the 49'ers. And should the 49'ers win, there will be as much celebrating in the Castro, on Polk and on Folsom Street as there will be in the Marina. In the excitement, football is gaining a whole new set of fans who had a completely different definition for such terms as "tight end" and "wide receiver."

Allen White

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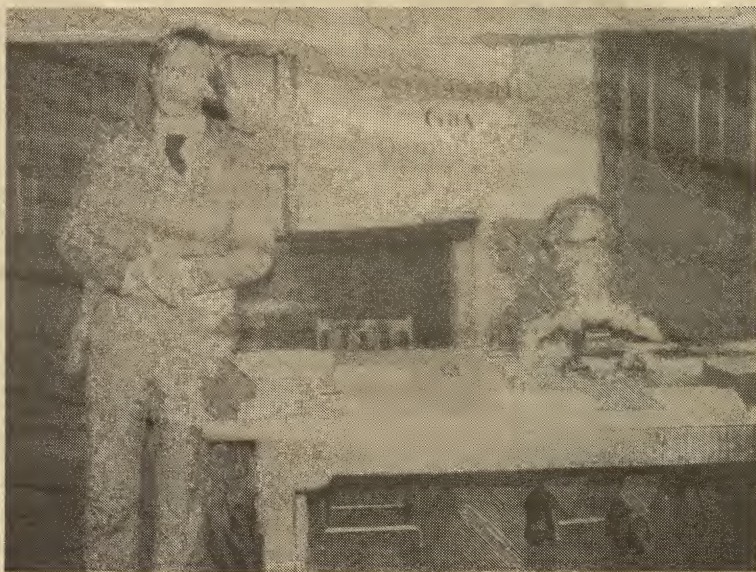
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Stormy Stonewall Meeting

City Planning and Labor Organizing
Trigger Debate



Culinary Union leader Charles Lamb (l) speaks at the recent Stonewall meeting. His topic was the unionizing of bars and restaurants. Outgoing president Ben Gardiner (r). (Photo by Rink)

Police brutality, labor organizing, city planning and a rally for El Salvador were concerns aired before a good crowd who had made their way through torrential rains to Stonewall Gay Democratic Club's January meeting this week.

The evening was marked by some heated exchanges, which led President Ben Gardiner to remark to two of the speakers as they finished, that (in this club) "we fight each other even more than we fight our guests!" This drew laughter from the crowd, who appeared to be enjoying the evening.

Investigation of charges of police brutality at the Elephant Walk May 22, 1979, moved forward with two announcements. District Attorney Arlo Smith, a member of Stonewall, said that he has requested from the FBI a report of their investigation, and is reviewing all the evidence available. Gardiner reported that he delivered letters earlier that day to Mayor Feinstein and to Chief Murphy repeating a request for a report of the Police Internal Affairs Bureau investigation, and has been assured by both the Mayor and the Chief that a report will be forthcoming.

The Club heard Charles Lamb, President of Local 2, Hotel and Restaurant Employees, speak on organizing. Lamb had been introduced to speak "on organizing Gay and Lesbian workers" but said he would rather speak of "organizing culinary workers, some of whom are Gay." Lamb said that there are a number of Gay persons in Local 2, and that the contracts in which Local 2 has had a hand often include a phrase to exclude discrimination based on sexual orientation. Elmer Wilhelm objected that there is a long history of neglect, abuse and corruption in the process of achieving and maintaining the rights of workers.

Extensive plans for downtown building construction were detailed by Lou Blasej of S.F. Department of City Planning. He said that plans that have already been approved will make major changes in the city, and that it is not too late for people to give input.

Gerry Parker objected that when citizens do take the trouble to participate, the Planning Commission pays no attention to what they say.

The Club took a stand against the increase of bathhouse employees' tax and planned to attend the hearings at the Board of Supervisors Finance Committee. A donation was made to the Coalition in Support of the

People of El Salvador, which is sponsoring a week of events ending in a march on Saturday, January 23, down Market Street. The Club also voted unanimously to call on the District Attorney to drop the charges against the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence brought by the police on Christmas Eve at Hibernia Beach.

Gay Rights Bill for Pittsburgh

A New Feature for Enforcement

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Gay Rights groups are introducing a Gay equality ordinance into their City Council this month. Chances for passage are rated "fair to good" by Pittsburgh's *Out* magazine. The bill has its unusual features.

The bill (like many before it around the nation) opposes discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodations. Included are services funded by the City, whether they are public or private.

Violators would be reported to any one of the nine Community Relations Officers of the Pittsburgh Police Force. The officers would investigate, and finding a *prima facie* case exists, they would issue a citation to the offender. City Court would then hear the case.

The fine would be no less than \$100 a day and no more than \$1000 a day for each day the discrimination continues. The penalties are not exclusive, and the ordinance permits civil suits to be filed in addition to the criminal fines.

The Police Community Relations Officers were chosen because their "unique sensitivity to community concerns," writes *Out*. The Mayor of Pittsburgh had pre-

viously vetoed legislation which would have amended the city's Human Rights Code in areas that the state code did not speak to. Since the Human Relations Commission could not enforce the ordinance, another department had to be selected.

The ordinance was drafted jointly by the American Civil Liberties Union, Gay Rights Committee and Pittsburgh's Political Club. The bill, carefully written to provide equality in a few selected areas is given a good chance of passage say local Gay rights leaders. The bill does not offer blanket equality in every area, nor are any special privileges included.

Out writes that of the nine council persons, 2 are positive votes for the bill, 4 are probable votes, one is a possible vote, and 2 are definitely negative votes.

It will take several weeks for the ordinance to go through the City Council process. Once passed, it will go to the Mayor for his signature. He then has 10 days to either sign or veto the bill. It would take 7 votes to override the Mayor's veto. If the Mayor neither signs nor vetoes the bill, it becomes law without his signature.

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Gay Band in New Hands

by Allen White

Three and a half years ago the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band under the direction of its founder Jon Sims turned the corner onto Market Street. The year was 1978 and the event was the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade.

Last Tuesday evening Jon Sims stepped to the rehearsal podium at the Eureka Recreation Center as he has done literally hundreds of times. This night was different. He introduced the new conductor, Tom Smith.

For the band it was an evening of change. There was a large number of musicians. Many curious, many returning after absences of months and years. The majority, who are regular members of the band, were there ready to carry on a tradition. A tradition of being the first large marching band formed primarily from the ranks of the Gay community.

This is a turning point in the musical community of San Francisco as it is a juncture in the Gay community. The acceptance of the organization is taken for granted and welcomed in all parts of San Francisco.

Tom Smith stood to the podium and as he led the



Jon Sims (l), founder of the Gay Freedom Band, this week turned over his baton to Tom Smith. Sims is seen here with the band's marching director, David Bailey (r), who will be leading the band for the Chinese New Year's Parade. (Photo by Rink)

band in playing "California, Here I Come," the change in direction had begun.

Many in the band stated that they knew the band to be molded by Smith would be

different than that of Jon Sims. One comment echoed by many members was the emphasis Tom Smith placed on the word "commitment."

The heavy emphasis ap-

pears to be, at this time, on a vibrant marching band. The director will continue to be David Bailey in marching situations. Marching with the band as its director will be Tom Smith. There is no question he plans to use his talents to create something different. The rehearsal Tuesday was like the first day back to class with a new teacher.

Smith told the band members, as he did in a recent *Bay Area Reporter* interview, that the band will be more than just a marching band. They will also be performing in indoor concerts. He said that the emphasis of the music would most likely be much lighter in form than in previous concerts. He also told the band members that he had been living in the Bay Area for eight years. This was mentioned to correct the inference in our recent profile on Smith implying he had just moved to the area.

The entire San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, Twirling Corps, Tap Troupe and Guard will be marching this Saturday at the opening of the State Capitol in Sacramento starting at 11am. They will next appear in San Francisco on Saturday, January 30, in the Chinese New Year's Parade.

Tom Smith told the band he was truly excited. After Tuesday evening's first rehearsal, it would appear the feeling was mutual.

Alice Notes

Monday, January 11, 7:30 pm: Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club General Membership Meeting, Women's Building, 3543 - 18th St., S.F. Election of officers for 1982. Guest Speaker: Robert Alioto, S.F. Superintendent of Schools.

Saturday, January 23, 10 am to 3 pm: Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club sponsors Pet Inoculation Day; \$5 per injection per animal. Animals must be leashed or boxed. St. John's Episcopal Church, 1661 - 15th St., S.F. (between Mission and Valencia streets).

New Washington March Discussed

Pentheus, a New York City based Gay rights organization, has set January 7 for an open forum on a new march on Washington, D.C.

Pentheus has invited Rick Lange, president of the Ohio Gay Rights Coalition; Katherine Davenport, media coordinator of the 1979 march on Washington; and Francis Serra, acting secretary, NOLAG Pacific Region. The three will be the nucleus of a proposed panel.

According to Pentheus' secretary, James Beane, the panel will discuss the controversies surrounding NOLAG (the organization which put on the first Gay march to Washington, D.C.).

Texas City Votes on Anti-Gay Housing Bill

by Arthur Morris

On January 12, voters of Austin, Texas, will determine whether to codify anti-gay discrimination into city law.

The measure, forced on the ballot by petitions circulated by the Austin Citizens for Decency (ACD), asks if "... it shall not be unlawful to deny housing on the basis of sexual orientation." This ACD effort is the first organized homophobic campaign in the Texas capital. It is headed by Dr. Stephen Hotze, also the chair of the Texas Pro-family Coalition.

Since 1975 Austin has had Gay rights ordinances prohibiting discrimination in employment and in public accommodations. But the right to housing has never been guaranteed to these Texas Lesbians and Gay men. This attack on the Gay community is a reactionary effort, brought by the City Council's consideration of various amendments to the city's Fair Housing Ordinance.

The Citizens for a United Austin (CUA), headed by veteran Lesbian and Democratic Party activist Janna Zumbrun, has responded to the neo-right with a broad-based coalition that includes the Austin Labor Council, the Black Voters Action Project, Mexican-

American Democrats (MAD), Austin Grey Panthers, the NAACP, and the Unitarian Social Action Committee, as well as the Austin Lesbian/Gay Political Caucus (ALGPC).

Donna Johnson, the CUA volunteer coordinator, said that there has been a lot of volunteer staff from the Austin Women's Political Caucus, University of Texas N.O.W., and the Austin Progressive Coalition. "Both MAD and the Black Voters Action Project are working the precincts throughout East Austin. Attacks on the Fair Housing Ordinance are of concern to many groups in Austin."

Although Austin's Gay community hasn't been the target of the neo-right fundamentalist Christians before, they are well initiated into fighting the attacks upon Gay people in other cities. In 1978 the Austin No-On-6 Coalition, also headed by Zumbrun, raised \$5,000 in an evening to send help to fight the Briggs Initiative.

Janna Zumbrun was reached at CUA headquarters recently, and she reported: "The campaign looks strong now, but while we have a large number of volunteers, we need to continue to receive contributions to keep up with the ACD media blitz. They are doing a lot of TV

and radio, and have been using copies of CBS's "Gay Power, Gay Politics" to show at luncheons and to church groups."

When asked about contributions to CUA, Zumbrun noted, "We have received a good-sized contribution from the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club in San Francisco, but we have seen very few personal contributions from San Franciscans. We have, however, received a large number of contributions from Dallas, Houston, and New York."

The Austin Citizens for Decency have far outspent the Citizens for a United Austin, relying heavily on contributions for television and radio time. The main Decency ads have personally attacked Zumbrun, citing her past position as co-chair of the Austin Lesbian/Gay Political Caucus and her position on the Austin Human Rights Commission. They further have brought up the question of her position in "... the conspiracy to try to take over Austin ..." just as the Gay community was portrayed in CBS's "Gay Power, Gay Politics."

Contributions to the Citizens for a United Austin are needed and should be sent to P.O. Box 3301, Austin, Texas 78764.

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"Mickey Finn" Suspect First Took Chicago

in Chicago but didn't know whom to contact. The paper called *Chicago Gay News* reporter Stephen Kulieke who gave the B.A.R. names of property crime Chicago detectives and their phone numbers (these in turn were forwarded to SFPD headquarters as were copies of the relevant news articles and the previously printed composite drawings). The Chicago and San Francisco descriptions matched.

In Chicago the suspect — who goes by the name of George, or Tony, or Vic — has victimized a dozen Gay men. The scam is always the same. The attractive young man comes up to the "pigeon" usually older and prosperous-looking. He drugs his victims by dropping two central nervous system depressants in their beer or coffee. He uses pyribenzamine, an antihistamine, and chloral hydrate, a sleeping medication (the traditional "Mickey Finn"). He takes cash, jewelry, credit cards, portable objects d'art like crystal, statuary, rugs.

The druggist uses parking lots, hotel lobbies, department stores, and now for the first time a bar for his pickup.

Don't let 'George' do it

More knockout-drop robberies

By Stephen Kulieke

"George" has struck again — under a different name.

Two more cases have been added to the series of crimes — men have

p.m. The victim —

of African arti-

— his face on a

next day and

of African arti-

— his face on a

New lead in knockout-drug crimes

By Stephen Kulieke

Chicago police are still searching for an unknown suspect who they say has drugged and robbed at least 10 gay men since last August. According to investigators, the suspect picks up gay men, goes with them to their homes, and slips a knockout drug into their drinks and robs them.

Police received a call from a gay man who said he was robbed recently by a man fitting the description of the suspect. The robber drove a 1970 or 1971 four-door light green Pontiac with Illinois license plates and a dark green interior. The victim said he was approached at midnight Nov. 17 by the suspect in the parking lot of Nutbush City Limits, a bar at 301 N. Harlem Ave., Forest Park.

The suspect offered

two drove to the latter's apartment. The caller maintained he didn't drug him but stole the apartment. "He knew anyone gay in my area," the caller said.

Anyone with information on the robber should call the crime detectives at (744) 8263. The robber, who is 31 years old, weighs 160 pounds, is very attractive and dark w

Sketch Out for Chicago 'Mickey Finn' Suspect

Chicago police have released a composite drawing that is said to be a "good likeness" of a man wanted for drugging and robbing 10 gay men since last August (see issue 331).

According to police reports, the suspect generally approaches his victim on the street or in hotel lobbies or department stores. The offender then suggests that they go to the victim's apartment. Once there, he slips the victim knockout drugs and robs him of cash, jewelry and personal belongings. Blood tests of victims have shown traces of two central nervous system depressants — Pyribenzamine, an antihistamine; and chloral hydrate, a sleeping medication traditionally known as a "Mickey Finn."

The offender usually goes by the name of "George" but has been known to use such names as "Antonio,"

He goes to the victim's homes. One Chicago victim said he drove a 1970 or '71 light green Pontiac with Illinois license plates and a dark interior.

Police Inspector Sam Hamilton is handling the investigation in San Francisco. Anyone with information on "George" is urged to call Hamilton or Inspector Ed Tank at 553-1351, or contact Paul Lorch, editor of the *Bay Area Reporter*, at 861-5019. As reported last issue "George" walked off with an almost new 9' x 12' Chinese rug with gold tones. What "George" collects somewhere he must deposit, somewhere he must fence. A 9' x 12' Chinese rug doesn't fit into an inside pocket.

If "George" isn't apprehended in San Francisco, he will move on to another city as the heat intensifies. A further item on his MO is that he plays on the sympathies of his victims. That he is a visitor, the city has been rude to him, that he was down in the dumps. His victims felt sorry for him and hence got themselves hooked on his coffee routine.

Paul Lorch

More cases reported of knockout drop robberies

Continued from page 1.

to find the door ajar and over \$350 in cash and belongings missing. This was several weeks earlier than the first reported robbery.

A 42-year-old west suburban caller told GayLife he was approached by a man Sept. 19 at Marshall Field's State Street store and made arrangements to meet him the following day. The two took a train Sept. 20 to the victim's home near Hinsdale. The caller said, adding, "The two took a train Sept. 20 to the victim's home near Hinsdale. The caller said, adding, 'What did you put in here?'

afraid that the suspect was a suburban gay. Pestle is out there with heard the suspect in a bar. He urged the suspect's apartment way we'll catch said. Anyone with information urged to call Police Center at 744-8263 confidential.



Combined Dance at Endup



Members of the Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians, which is one of three organizations sponsoring MENAGE A TROIS, dance benefit January 20 at the Endup, 6th and Harrison, \$1 cover charge including buffet, 8pm to closing. (Front) Jack Robinson (l) and Richard Balugo. (Rear) Grant Sun, Bill Matsumoto, Marie Shim and George Lee. (Photo by Rose Skytta)

The Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA) is co-sponsoring an event January 20 at the Endup, together with Black and White Men Together and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club. There will be no speeches at this event according to the promises agreed upon by the three organizations. Dancing and socializing, with a complimentary buffet provided by Al Hanken, owner of the Endup, will be the activities of the evening. A charge of \$1 will go to the clubs, and the bar will be no-host.

ALGA is a social organization which meets about 8 times a year and is devoted to enabling Lesbian and Gay Asians to meet friends and socialize in friendly surroundings. It is not political in any sense.

Black and White Men Together is also nonpolitical and is nation-wide. It has enjoyed a rapid growth since it began, and has had a national convention here in San Francisco. It organizes social events and has a rap group which takes up issues of importance

to those attending.

Stonewall Gay Democratic Club is primarily political and has always an included purpose of enabling people to participate in politics starting in a friendly and sociable atmosphere.

"Menage a Trois" is the name of the event on Wednesday, January 20, and it will run from 8pm to closing. The Endup is on Harrison St. at the corner of 6th in "South of Market" San Francisco.

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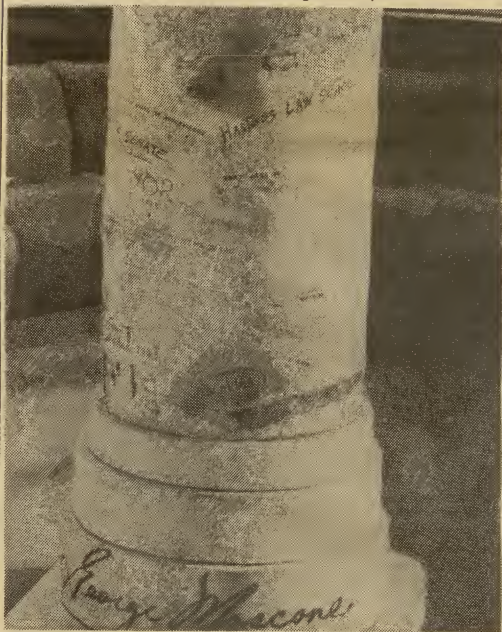
VIEWPOINT

Civic Art

Since nobody was asking, the *Bay Area Reporter* volunteered no input in the recent flap (a la philistine) over the George Moscone memorial bust. What with Gina Moscone having the first word and Mayor Dianne Feinstein the last word (and, not incidentally, the definitive say), there was little point in angels rushing in where fools feared to tread. We limited our input to three (sorry for the wretched excess) phone calls to the *Chronicle* poll.

Even there the deck was stacked, with the questions "Do you like it?" and "Don't you like it?" The *hoi polloi* weren't asked if it was good or if the piece was significant or stirring. As well they shouldn't be, for the responses would be all the less meaningful. The saving grace of any art or creation is that it is not a matter of public opinion. Favorable public opinion on a piece of art is more of a bad sign than a good one. One of the ingredients of art as art (it has been proposed) is that it be shocking, that it be a scandal. As the philosopher of aesthetics Suzanne Langer once put it, "The vulgarization of art is a sure sign of ethnic decline."

We all owe sculptor Robert Arneson a "Hooray" for his breech birth; no one can say (although they surely have tried) that he was hastening the decline of American civilization. Had he reinforced stereotypes and spawned sentimentality, then truly there would have been something to worry about.



The telling pedestal of the George Moscone bust . . . but not what the "boosters" ordered. (Photo by Rink)

The complaint that he didn't deliver what he promised would indeed be valid were he building an outhouse and unwrapped a two-holer as opposed to the contracted-for one-holer. Doubting the stink is indeed more than sensitive nostrils deserve to bear. The mistake was that he was commissioned by the Art Commission, not the Potty Commission, which would have envisioned a cross between Victorian cemetery sculpture and Norman Rockwell. The flare-up has abated (to the city heads'

(Continued on next page)

LETTERS

AT LAST

★ The B.A.R. has finally confirmed what most people have known for years — Steve Perkins is the biggest "prick" in town.

Steve Perkins
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: We hear it's not that big.

P. Lorch

THREE LITTLE WORDS

★ Dear Steve Perkins:

You're angry at CUAV. You took six paragraphs to communicate your anger through the *B.A.R.* If you want to tell CUAV, "Fuck you, CUAV!", just say that, using those three words. It's easier on yourself and everyone else that way. CUAV will still be doing its job, no matter what.

A CUAV "Idiot"
Dick Stingel

AUTHOR'S PUFF

★ In reference to author Daniel Curzon's request for us to write to his potential publisher — I say it's sour grapes or just bull — have you ever read his writings? He teaches creative writing, but should be taking classes in it. Of course, one can't learn imagination and feeling — or style — his writing lacks all three. He's using his "gayness" to be published.

I'm sure with such an excellent idea for a commercial story as he had, the publisher would not turn it down except for his bad writing.

Joseph Daly
San Francisco

POPPERS ARE SERIOUS

★ A recent letter by Crystal Crank attacked Hank Wilson for raising health concerns about poppers, claiming he didn't know what he was talking about. Yet Hank has compiled an impressive stack of medical studies from several different countries. I personally have read through all this material and found it to be a most sobering experience. Hank has placed copies of the studies in the Eureka Valley Library. I urge readers to examine the material for themselves.

On December 10, 1981, the *New England Journal of Medicine* carried an editorial by Dr. D. T. Durak of Duke Medical Center on the immunological problems associated with Gay cancer and Gay pneumonia. Dr. Durak stated that some single factor, in addition to infectious agents, may be responsible for triggering off these problems: "So called 'recreational drugs' are one possibility. The leading candidates are the nitrites." Dr. Durak's suspicion is well founded since nitrites have previously been proven to deform and destroy red blood cells (Heinz-body hemolytic anemia). If they have a similar effect on white blood cells, then the link is proven. And a recent preliminary drug profile for 40 victims of Gay cancer was just reported at the New York University Medical Center. Of all the drugs considered, amyl nitrite was the most distinctively associated with Gay cancer.

This is serious business, friends. We need a rational and informed discussion of these issues in the *Gay* press, not unthinking put-downs by cranks, whether crystal or otherwise.

Arthur Evans
San Francisco

DON'T TRIVIALIZE CALAMITY

★ Butyl nitrite is sold as a "room odorizer" and is used extensively in the gay community as a pleasure

drug. To date, no comprehensive, independent research on the long-term effects of nitrite inhalation has been conducted, and product safety has not been established.

The issue is an important one, but it is trivialized by such efforts as Crystal Crank's letter to the Editor (Dec. 24, 1981). Crank (surely a pseudonym!) cites unnamed "sources" to vaguely smear the reputation of a local gay activist who is raising questions about popper safety.

Aside from this anonymous character assassination, Crank admits failure to "understand what all the fuss is regarding poppers." I suggest that she (he?) read the "poppers file" at the Eureka Valley Library, and then ask Dr. Mary Guinon, of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, what connections have been found between nitrite inhalation and the prevalence of cancers and pneumonia in gay males.

These illnesses have killed dozens of brothers, locally and nationwide. They are at least as serious as attacks by knife-wielding homophobes.

Bobbi Campbell
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: The only connection we know of thus far are "incidental," that is unless Dr. Guinon is withholding information. Perhaps Crystal Crank's point is best expressed in your own words. Of all the toys Gay men dabble with, how many qualify for "Product Quality has NOT been established."

P. Lorch

OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I WOULD FLY

★ In answer to a letter appearing in your December 17th issue [headed] "Go To Jail," let me just say this to Mr. Betancourt: sign me up for the program. I will gladly donate my cell to anyone who wishes to live out their fantasies. I will sacrifice this lovely vacation and return to the dull, dull world of freedom anytime. There are a few things which prospective participants in your program should be aware of, however. Convicts are oversexed? Not any more so than any normal men. Perhaps the fact that they are denied normal (for straight men) forms of sexual expression makes it seem that way. Over-endowed? Dream on, darling. There are some gorgeous men running around, but they are the exception, not the rule. Convicts are no different from anyone else. You must also remember that when a straight man goes to prison he doesn't automatically become bi-sexual. There are quite a few running amuck who not only do not like gays, they can express themselves quite violently at times. As far as homophobia is concerned, one of the worst things a convict can call another con or guard or whoever is a homosexual. Lastly, Andy, please let your applicants know that any homosexual act is illegal in a state institution and can result in prosecution. That may sound humorous. After all, what can they do, throw you in jail? Well, they can remove you from the rest of the prison population and confine you in what is quaintly referred to as "the hole."

With this in mind, anyone who wishes can take my place here at beautiful "historic" Folsom Prison for as long as he likes.

Jerry Kelly
P.O. Box C-8148
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LIFE'S LITTLE TREATS

★ I sure would like to thank those exhibitionists on about the twenty-second floor of the SF Holiday Inn for their great performance, as I viewed it from the balcony of the On Broadway on New Year's Eve. I'll bring my binocs next year!

Robert D. Graham
Concord, CA

B.A.R.

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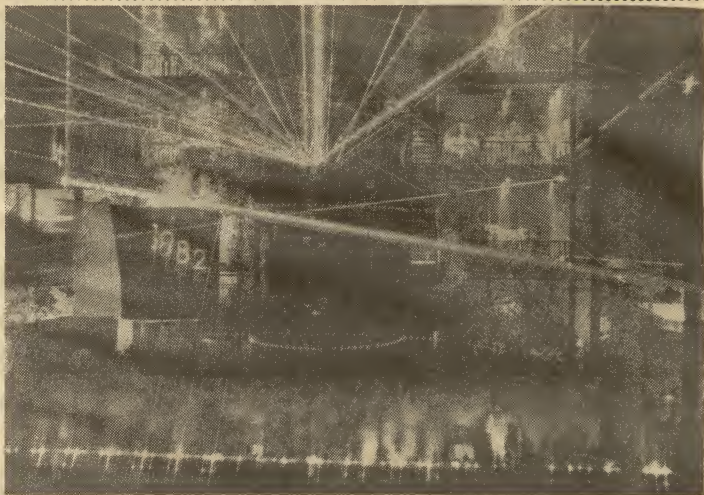
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ADVERTISING ACCOUNTS REP: Paul Hufstedler

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Laser beams welcome in the new year at Conceptual Entertainment's spectacular at the Galleria. Thousands discoed 'til the next morning. (Photo by Mick Hicks)

Books and Wax

Celebrating Our Heritage

Back in November of 1967, Craig Rodwell opened the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookshop in New York. It was the first "serious" Gay bookstore in the country at a time when there were a handful of Gay organizations in the world and even fewer Gay publications. Located since 1973 at 15 Christopher Street in New York, the store is now entering its 15th year of operation. "My goal then, as it is now, was to encourage and promote a healthy, positive view of so-called homosexuality, and to encourage and promote an independent Gay/Lesbian movement — independent of the negative influences from outside which are constantly trying to manipulate and control our movement — political parties, organized crime, organized religion, exploitation business-people, etc.," stated Rodwell.

Quite a different view of American Gay history was taken by Jack Veasey, who did a fictional piece on a visit to the National Gay Wax Museum for *Philadelphia's Gay News*. Describing a tour of the museum, Veasey's tour guide informed visitors: "Now we have Great Moments in Film, one of our most popular exhibits. Here are depictions of Bette Davis serving Joan Crawford a rat, Joan Crawford serving her daughter Christina raw meat in real life, and numerous scenes from the gayest film of all time — 'The Wizard of Oz.' Note the

fabulous 15-foot twister done entirely in red angel hair, the tacky fake-front family home suspended on wires as it is rejected by the flawless blue lame sky, and the fag hag in an evening gown with wings doing the hallucinogenic bubble-bath commercial."

Further into the museum is an exhibit entitled "Great Moments in Gay History" which includes "a group of Gay executives at the brainstorm session where the Ethel Merman disco record was first conceived and another renowned Ethyl, conceiving her daughter Butyl during a chain reaction."

The piece de resistance, however, comes in the Gay Hall of Infamy. "Here is our sole repetitious exhibit, in which we see alleged singer Anita Bryant depicted during a small variety of activities — repealing a Gay rights law, advertising orange juice, failing to win a beauty contest, accomplishing the considerable feat of remaining perfectly still during the notorious Missionary Position (still practiced among some primitive peoples) and giving birth to a child whose face was sculpted from an actual death mask of Diane Linkletter. The tape you hear in the background is Anita attempting to mug her way through standards which are not up to OUR standards."

VIEWPOINT

(Continued from previous page)

relief), but if officials are plagued with any lingering misgivings (which is not the way of political widows) we suggest they take a quickie course in Fascist Art 101. Have they not relegated the Moscone piece to their own version of attic art and palavered the way for a museum of decadent art?

Since the Arneson sculpture didn't complement or concretize the official version of what — has come to pass — happened to George Moscone and Harvey Milk, of course it is inappropriate as memory revived. And who can say that Americans won't — if less assiduously — rewrite history, if given the chance.

And what has all this to do with the Gay community? Everything! We have been informed that our co-dwellers in the body politic don't want to be reminded of what George Moscone paid for with his life. The price was much about us. And we owe sculptor Arneson a debt for not keeping the cat in the bag. And for such a service, were there such a Cable Car category, we might so reward him. But such a gesture would earn no points upstairs as we persist in selling out and buying in.

But perhaps Robert Arneson doesn't need to be beribboned because his work's reception was its own reward. It worked. And it worked because — like us — it frightened the horses. Like camp, inappropriate in established sludgevilles. —Paul Lorch

N.Y. Judge Won't Approve Gay Adoption

On November 18, New York Family Court Judge Mortimer Getzels refused to approve the adoption of a Gay male by another Gay male. Judge Getzels concluded that the purpose of the adoption law is to legalize a parent-child relationship and not a relationship between a Gay couple.

In his decision, Judge Getzels stated, "The court is most sympathetic to the yearning of two decent people living exemplary productive lives who are seeking to obtain some legal recognition of the bond that exists between them. The relationship is no longer what it was for Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas — the love that dares not speak its name. But a statutory mechanism for conferring status on the relationship ... is yet to be devised."

"We are concerned about Judge Getzels' decision since the adoption law does not specifically prohibit adoption under these circumstances," commented Tim Sweeney, Lambda's Executive Director. An appeal of this decision has been filed. The appeal will be handled by William Thom as counsel for Lambda Legal Defense & Education Fund. The parties were represented in Family Court by Mr. Thom as private counsel.

"It should be noted that adoption is not a substitute for marriage and is a serious legal step that should not be taken without the advice of an attorney. Where the parties have given serious consideration, the adoption should not be denied solely because the parties are Gay," stated Tim Sweeney.

Gay Lit at S.F. State

English 618 — "Gay and Bisexual Literature" will be offered at San Francisco State University beginning January 28 on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 12:30-2:00. The theme this semester is "Men Relating to Men." It includes classical favorites (Whitman, Cavafy, D.H. Lawrence, E.M. Forster, Hesse and Isherwood) as well as important contemporary works.

This course began in 1972, so this semester is its 10th anniversary.

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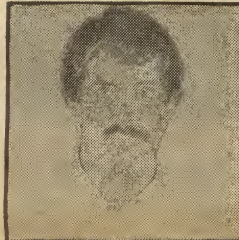
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GUEST COLUMN

Activism Can Be Costly

Andrew Ross Exler

My fight for individual freedom began ten years ago when I refused to stand and recite the Pledge of Allegiance in the fifth grade. My teacher was very unhappy and threatened me with an "unsatisfactory" grade in citizenship. With the help of my parents, I fought with school administrators and received a satisfactory grade. My message to other students was that I could be proud to be an American without reciting the Pledge day in and day out; that I had a right, in this country, not to recite the Pledge.

In the sixth grade, I refused to bow my head for silent prayer during the lunch hour, telling administrators that it was in violation of Separation of Church and State laws. Two victories won in two

years. I was proud of my accomplishments.

In junior and senior high school, I continued fighting for my rights and the rights of other students. In junior high school, I distributed student rights pamphlets to fellow students and was called "rebel" for standing up for what I thought was right. The school administration was searching lockers at will, paddling students for every conceivable reason and was hostile to those who were vocal. I thought to myself that after high school, things would get better, that I would have an opportunity to make a living and be free. Much to my dismay, I was dead wrong, for society continues to oppress me and others who do not fit the so-called "norm" in this

country.

Last September, I took a close male friend of mine to Disneyland to celebrate our friendship and our comradeship. I asked him to dance with me on the Tomorrowland Terrace and he accepted my invitation. After five minutes of "disco dancing" we were surrounded by five security officers and removed from the dance floor. The security officers told us that members of the same sex are prohibited from dancing together in the Magic Kingdom. Shortly after an interrogation, we were escorted from the park.

We brought suit against Disneyland for violating the Unruh Civil Rights Act, which prohibits business establishments from discriminating against its patrons on the basis of sex and other factors. Our lawsuit, Exler vs. Disneyland, is currently pending in the Fourth District Court of Appeals in San Bernardino. We lost our first round in Orange County Superior Court when Judge John Trotter ruled that, "... the freedom to believe in a certain way is absolutely privileged but that the freedom to act can NEVER be absolute. Certain conduct can and should be controlled by society."

After nationwide publicity, I was fired from my job as a typist with the County of Orange. I received prejudicial treatment from my supervisors, so I charged the county with firing me for being openly Gay. I fought for several

months just to get a hearing. The entire arbitration process was a sham, and after seven months I did get a hearing before a conservative retired Orange County Superior Court judge who denied me reinstatement and back pay. This decision went unpublished; the press was informed about the decision.

Some would think that the Gay and Lesbian community would be supportive of my battle for human rights. To my surprise, they have been extremely critical and upset with my openness. Although my lawsuit has received endorsements from authors, actors and organizations throughout the United States, many well-known attorneys and civil liberties groups have condemned me for my actions.

Just because I took a stand,

Andrew Ross Exler (according to himself) is an active activist living in Orange County. He gained notoriety last September after dancing with another male at Disneyland. He is currently running for school board as a Gay Activist in Fullerton, California.

in this "free" country, I was fired from my job, lost friends, and came close to committing suicide. I was so naive as to think that there existed, a Gay liberation movement in California when in reality, Gay liberation is a fantasy in this great state. I have contacted 75 organizations throughout California and either receive no response or letters of condemnation.

My personal needs have been destroyed because

many people believe that I am superhuman; able to cope with life's struggles. Because I am so active, others look up to me and do not perceive that I have wants and needs just like other human beings. It's time that my pain be shared so that my brothers and sisters can learn from my struggle to be free and my struggle to live.

The most relevant thing that I have learned from my activism is that a deep rooted homophobia does exist amongst my Gay brothers and Lesbian sisters everywhere; that until we stop fighting amongst ourselves; stop oppressing ourselves; and seek cure of our own homophobia, we will never enjoy equal rights.

A word of wisdom to those who are fighting or want to fight for freedom:

Freedom cannot be taken for granted. It is something which takes years of activism, sacrifices, and strength to ever materialize.

Theodore Herzl once said, "If I am not for myself who will be for me? If I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now, then when?" ■

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N.Y. Mayor Honors Tenth Year of Gay Helpline



Herbert Rickman, Special Assistant to Mayor Edward Koch, presents Proclamation to volunteers of the Gay Switchboard. (Photo by Peter A. Melillo)

Mayor Edward Koch has issued a Proclamation declaring January 13, 1982, "Gay Switchboard Day in New York."

According to the Switchboard, "Although symbolic, this is nevertheless public recognition and praise to one of New York's oldest Gay service organizations." The Gay Switchboard of New York is the oldest continuously operating Gay helpline in the world. It is the busiest in the United States, answering

about 60,000 calls per year.

The presentation of the Proclamation was made in historic New York's City Hall on Wednesday, December 9, by Herbert Rickman, Special Assistant to the Mayor.

Volunteers Needed for Phone Counseling

San Francisco Suicide Prevention is in great need of volunteers to answer its crisis and information and referral lines. Day time and bilingual people are especially welcome to apply. An eight week training course is provided. For more information, call 752-4866.

The services offered by San Francisco Suicide Prevention include: 24-hour telephone

crisis counseling at 221-1423; the Drug Lines, 752-3400; Mental Health Information and Referral Lines, 387-5100; Friendship Line for the Elderly, 752-3778; and the after hours Senior Information Line, 558-5512.

The agency's funding sources are: United Way, Community Mental Health Services, Westside Commu-

nity Mental Health, Community Substance Abuse Services, and the Commission on Aging. San Francisco Suicide Prevention, Inc. is a non-profit public benefit corporation, and contributions are tax deductible.

MEDIA QUEEN

Kissin' Cousins

KONSTANTIN BERLANDT

Tony's T-shirt, once down to my knees and worn as a nightgown nights I stayed over at my grandmother's, now barely touched the tops of my thighs, more like a whore's skirt, so that as I turned tail and bent over, hopping into my bed to conceal my hard-on I'd gotten stripping naked in front of him, I could feel the white cotton hem ride up to my waist, revealing a full-cheeked view of his still nubile nephew; but my uncle merely pressed his strong, narrow nose deeper into his college text, continuing to read to me aloud, like an incantation against any inference of temptation.

Thus I was introduced to *The Brothers Karamazov* and some Chinese history, and once he read me one of his favorite short stories about a young man who, for existential reasons, jumps in front of a train.

By keeping his nose in a book while I stripped, he was sparing me the shame of my body exposed, understanding the modesty of an 11-year-old boy, and expecting me to return that same respect for privacy.

He stripped for bed behind the shield of a closet door left ajar, trusting me to avert my eyes. I stole glimpses of his long, lean, dark-haired body and pale white ass in profile; but if I saw his cock once during the two summers we shared a bedroom together as intimately as David and Ricky Nelson, I don't recall; even though, often as not, he slept in the nude.

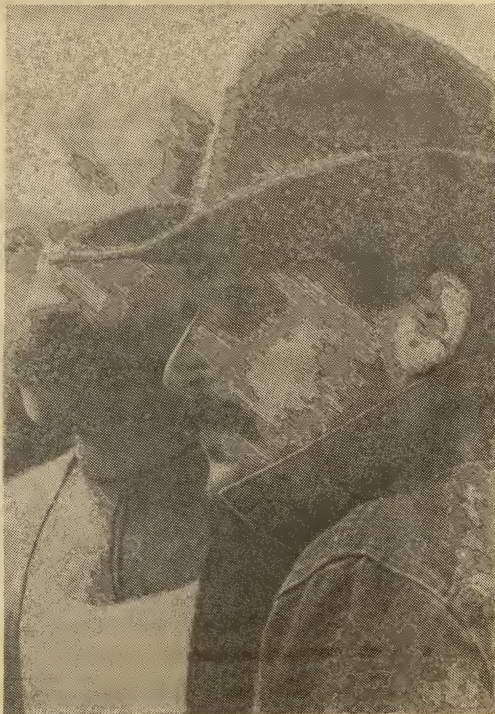
Mornings he was up before me, I would squeeze my eyes tight shut or turn to the wall, pretending to be still asleep, and only after he was gone, pull on my irreplaceable joint.

Once, after breakfast, returning to the room, I accidentally caught him naked in a ball on the floor, perhaps playing with his new Webcor recorder, up on cinder blocks next to his big double bed he whirled back into, covers up to his neck, so fast the spiral rug rug under him spun like a pinwheel, making me dizzy and flush in excitement and embarrassment, nodding obediently to his stern lecture on the need to knock and wait for an answer before entering our room. "If we must share such cramped quarters, let's at least make some privacy," he said. Yet I could not clear from my eyes that swift vision of white and hair, the blur of his body like an angry cloud, a brief visitation.

As much as any man can be, he was a god to me. The day he came home, several years earlier, on an unexpected and late-issued Christmas pass from Fort Ord boot

South Korea after the war there, how they slept in tents all winter, snow on the ground outside, and for security had to go three-abreast to shift over a rail into a hole in the ground, the officers having appropriated the enlisted men's latrine after a prankster had burned down theirs.

It was not an experience I wanted to repeat; "Hell no, we won't go!" only became a later convenient excuse, though before the Vietnam War my grandmother used to advise that the Army would be as good for me as it had been for my Uncle Tony.



Sexual fantasy — my own, my uncle, my cousin. Who's to know? Who's to care? (Photo by David Lamm)

camp, surprising my grandmother to tears as he dropped his duffle bag off his shoulder onto the living room rug before she embarrassed him by throwing her arms around his neck: "A sight for sore eyes," she said, and I thought so too. Standing there in his Army fatigues so tall and straight he almost reached the ceiling, the red in this late season early sunset tanning his features — a handsomer man I had never seen.

After the Army he taught me to make my cot like they'd had to do in the Service, with hospital corners pulled so tight he could bounce a coin off the blankets.

He told me stories of his two years as a private with the "peace-keeping" forces in

As Athletic Director at the local playground after his classes at Cal, he was hero to many neighbor kids my age, both boys and girls. In his T-shirt, sweat under the arms, he could lithely swish a basket from across the court. He taught me a stance at the plate and to keep my eyes on the ball if I wanted to hit it, instead of squeezing them tight shut in panic at that important instant, swinging wildly, hoping for impact.

He also taught me to figure baseball averages and win/loss percentages, a pastime I indulged like chronic masturbation hour upon hour for days and months, making up my own teams, leagues and season schedules to create more computable data than

the daily scores off the radio provided.

His son, my cousin, now the age his father was when we shared a room, has told me of such games he makes up too, some so embellished he's sent them off to Parker Brothers for their marketing consideration.

Reclusive like his parents at family gatherings, he speaks mostly of sports. His father discusses wine with equal obsessiveness, while his wife sips cocktails and chain smokes. Once a beautiful assistant professor of home economics, she's had several shock treatments adjusting to their suburban life beyond the East Ball hills.

Tony, who reads *Newsweek* and the *Oakland Tribune* and has worked in insurance for the last 20 years, puzzled once over the phone after I was out, "You were as masculine as me when you were a boy."

"And what do you derive from that?" I replied. He has not brought it up since, but silence doesn't resolve the controversy. He was snapping pictures with the new camera his wife had given him this Christmas, that seemed to me just one more obstacle between us, while my cousin talked adamantly about the 49'ers.

Several years ago, Thanksgiving at a relative's house in the Castro, I climbed the stairs to the bathroom and opened the unlocked door on this cousin, then 16, standing backside to me, his shirt pulled up and pants down, naked from ribs to calves, his olive

skin smooth, his ass as pretty as I could imagine.

I shut the door quickly, muttering an apology about not knowing anyone was in there. But, in fact, I had known, or at least guessed. I had counted the guests before climbing the stairs and noted he was missing. I approached that bathroom door, knowing it had no lock, with the methodical step of the antagonist in a monster movie, hoping he'd be naked on the other side of it, refusing to knock first.

The view was better than I ever expected, though afterwards I was ashamed for having intentionally surprised and, it seemed, embarrassed him. Understanding a boy his age deserves his privacy, I berated myself: "No wonder queers aren't even trusted by their own families."

And yet I was consumed by a passion that now had me mad to get back down to the bars again. Had he sensed by presence on the other side of that door, just as I felt his presence inside? Was he standing there naked expecting me? Or was he playing a game he might've asked me to join if I weren't so quick to run away again?

Was he, in other words, both embarrassed and excited when I opened the door, and could he have been as disappointed when I closed it again as I had been at a younger age when his father had turned away from me?

Such questions are our legacy of latency, never raised in *Family Circle* or "Days of Our Lives."

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BAY AREA REPORTER JAN. 7, 1982 PAGE 9

The Gay Divorcee

Community Property Case

In Delaware County, Pennsylvania, a Gay man has filed suit against his ex-lover for a property split and alimony. It is the first attempt in the Philadelphia area to obtain a Gay divorce. John DeSantos is alleging that his ten-year relationship with Bill Barnsley amounted to a common-law marriage under Pennsylvania statutes.


The couple first met 11 years ago through a classified ad. After six months they moved into a West Philadelphia apartment to live together, followed by a house in Newton Square five years later. The house is in Barnsley's name. DeSantos insists he is still in love with Barnsley but was told to leave when

Barnsley decided to live with another man. DeSantos is also under a psychiatrist's care, has attempted suicide twice since the breakup last November, and is currently taking 50 milligrams of tranquilizers a day. Although the house was bought in Barnsley's name, DeSantos claims it was bought by both of them. "I did all the shopping, cleaning, laundry, some auto repair, and we built a carport together. He worked while I took care of the house. I worked hard to fix it up."

Local Gays are particularly interested in the case because of the legal counsel for both parties. Rosalie Davies, known for her work with Custody Ac-

tion for Lesbian Mothers, is representing DeSantos. Community activist Leslie Phillips is representing Barnsley. "Merely living together does not establish a common-law marriage," stated Phillips. "There must be both an intent to enter into it and a holding out as a couple. That means that all relatives, friends, and neighbors have to know of the nature of the relationship. It can't be a secret from anyone. I don't believe they ever intended a common-law marriage."

The case was filed on December 9, but no date has been set for the hearing. "We both may regret this in a year's time," confessed DeSantos.



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GUEST COLUMN

After Xmath

"The Five Days of Xmas"

I know it's supposed to be twelve, but these are hard economic times. Five was enough, anyway.

Day One, or the proverbial Company Christmas Party, simply reeked of banality until we sprung open the first jug of wine. The food was good, too (how much can you do with cold cuts?), but it does nothing to alter one's state of mind. And it just made me feel fat. Which was fine, since I (yes, the shy one) volunteered to be Santa this year.

Besides the fact that my pillow kept slipping, my pants falling down and I was sweating like a pig, it went all right. Part of the reason was the group; clerical jobs tend to runneth over with homosexual employees, if you know what I mean. (Nooooo!) So many a campy comment were hurled at Santa ranging from "Jingle Balls" to "Every Inch A Santa" to "I'm into uniforms," etc., etc. But these were big kids, so no one sat on my lap.

Day Two (actually 1 3/4) finds Santa cruising the Castro in as close to an old troll costume as I/he could imagine. Santa's asexual anyway, isn't he, like all those other fairy tale characters? (I'm convinced Mrs. Claus is the other half of a marriage of convenience up North.) Everyone was smiling and wished me a Merry Christmas before I could get it out myself. Having stolen Santa's line, I then occasionally reverted to the olde standby, "Don't call me Mary."

I took all those smiles to mean they had opted for naughty over nice this year; I gave those people something extra in their stockings! Unfortunately, there was nothing but athlete's foot in mine.

Day Three. Donning gay apparel again just for a few minutes for the kiddies at work. Kids are smart these days; I hesitate to say smart-ass. One little girl lunged for Santa's lap with such vigor that Santa was nearly paralyzed for life. When asked her name, she replied, "You're Santa; you should know." Cameras flashing, I bent her little arm behind her little back and asked if she'd been naughty or nice. She eventually cooperated when I threatened to withhold her complimentary candy cane (which I bought) and rip the legs off her new Hispanic Barbie doll (can you believe it?) she said she already got from another Santa.

Another child later said he could tell I was the one who played Santa "because of all the wrinkles." I said Merry Christmas to him anyway, and was glad I gave him the chocolate marshmallow reindeer laced with cocaine. His mother would probably sample it before he did anyway.

Day Four hurls me southward, sans costume, to the thrilling metropolis of Riverside, (southern) California. I was to meet my brother in the parking lot of Bob's Big Boy restaurant, have a fast-food bite to eat, and head home for Christmas Eve festivities. I wish San Francisco had a Taco Bell. There's nothing like an Enchirito with extra cheese at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Now my family is not the average family. I've been out to them for three years now, and my Mom's even been to The City to visit once before. Propped seductively against a wall in Badlands (as seductive as a Mom can prop herself), drink in hand, she saw all those good-looking men talking to all those other good-looking men that I had briefed her about. She then decided it was exciting having a Gay son, and said she was actually proud that I turned out different (meant nicely). "I just hope no one thinks you're here with an old drag queen," she said; "I wouldn't want

by Ron Kraus

phase of coming out.

The hits on the jukebox included "Dancing Queen" by ABBA and "Bad Girls," but we danced to them anyway. What can I say about a group that doesn't know what "attitude" means, hates "Bette Davis Eyes" and thinks "I moved up north" means you now live in Barstow. Anyway, he was fine and I liked him and I still like my ex a lot, so the evening turned out fine.

And what did I learn? Well, I'll still complain about MUNI and the derelicts who eat out of trash cans downtown, and about the wind and the rain



Mr. & Mrs. Santa Claus now back in the North Pole after a binge on Castro Street. (Photo by Rink)

you to lose any friends, Ronnie." She's great; she's even decided she might go to Bi-sexual Boogie at Sutro next time she's up. "It didn't work with your father; maybe I should try it with a woman next time." I kid you not, this is my wonderful mother, someone who would innocently ask over Christmas dinner the next day if I was an "S" or an "M," and wait for the answer.

Day Five, the inevitable meeting of ex-lover, ex-lover's new lover and moi. The setting is a semi-leather-levi-western bar (the only one) in San Bernardino called Skylark. This is the "hotbed of homosexuality of the Inland Empire," where a yellow hanky in any pocket means you have a cold — and so does a blue one and a red one and . . .

But all my old college buddies are still there, saying they'll move up here someday (which they won't) or at least visit (which they probably won't either). With memories rushing towards me like a MUNI train during rush hour, I ordered another drink. Five Buds with a lime make a potential psychological trauma less traumatic, actually kinda fun. If this new guy's nice, I'll be able to tell him; if not, she gets read from fruits to vegetables in two minutes flat. That's the last remnants of my "Hollywood"

and the weather in general, and about not having a lover, and sort of having a boyfriend, and trying to cut down on my tricking, but I'll just do it with more pride than before.

Actually, there was one cute anecdote (I think) that I omitted. Having been so inspired by the camaraderie of my family and friends this year, I even decided to give in and attend church service. And what was the minister's mighty message to all? How beautiful San Francisco used to be, that is until all those prostitutes and bums and real estate agents moved in! I debated how I should react when he got to the "sodomites and gomorrhans." And, by some amazing grace, he skipped us! Can it be that we have actually attained the status of "boring" in the conversation circle? Happy Belated Holidays (I mean the next 365!) ■

Artists for Parade '82

The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee will judge artist logo designs for the '82 parade theme "Out of Many . . . One" at a general membership meeting, 5-7pm Sunday, January 10, at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street. Interested artists should bring their designs for the theme.

Citing the Sisters

WE ARE ALL
POTENTIAL VICTIMS

No one likes to think about being a victim of a crime. But all of us — young or old, male or female, rich or poor, working or jobless, able-bodied or disabled, Gay or straight; we are all potential victims. Crime can happen anywhere, at any time, to anyone.

Crime, especially violent crime, such as rape, assault, or robbery, can be a traumatic experience for the victim. Some common feelings that victims express as reactions to crime are shock, anger, hatred, powerlessness, fear, depression, distrust of others, and disorientation. Reactions such as these may be immediate or delayed for days, weeks, or months after a crime occurs.

Even crimes which do not involve personal contact, but rather, the violation of one's possessions, can result in emotional trauma for the victim. If valuable or sentimental possessions are destroyed or stolen during a criminal act, victims often feel helpless to replace them and vulnerable to repeated attempts.

WHAT IS CRIME?

A crime is a wrongful act prohibited by societal laws. A punishment, such as imprisonment, or a fine, may be given to someone who commits such an act.

Each jurisdiction (a state or locality to which laws apply) has its own criminal laws which define the crimes it recognizes. In general, it is against the law to steal something belonging to someone else, to injure or threaten to injure another person, and to cheat or trick someone out of money or other valuables. In most cases these acts are considered crimes NO MATTER WHO DOES THEM, whether complete strangers, acquaintances, close friends, family members, business contacts or anyone else.

Crimes have many names. Stealing may be called *theft*, *larceny*, or *robbery*. The terms *theft* or *larceny* are generally used when something is stolen without the owner being present, like someone stealing a camera left behind in an empty automobile. *Robbery* means that something is stolen from a person directly, as when a man with a gun approaches you on the street and demands your wallet. When someone enters a building without the owner's permission and with intention of committing a crime, this is called *burglary*. A common example of burglary is breaking into a house in order to steal something.

The terms *assault* or *assault and battery* are used when one person intentionally injures or tries to injure someone else. A person who forces sex on another person might be charged with *assault*, *attempted rape*, or *rape*, depending on the situation. It is generally a crime to perform sexual acts with a child, whether or not force is used. In such a situation the terms *statutory rape*, *child abuse*, *taking indecent liberties with a minor*, or *incest* might be used.

If one person purposely causes the death of another, the charge of *murder* or *homicide* will be made. If the

death was caused by carelessness, the charge may be *manslaughter* instead.

Fraud refers to situations where a person intentionally tricks, cheats, or lies to someone else to get their money or other valuables. For example, someone who pretended to be a clergyman and asked for donations to a nonexistent church could be charged with *fraud*. A person who knowingly wrote checks without having enough money in the bank might also be accused of *fraud*.

WHERE CAN VICTIMS
GO FOR ASSISTANCE?

Victims of crime always need the support of their families and friends to help them deal with the trauma of victimization. Sometimes, however, even this support does not resolve the negative feelings and fears which victimization creates. Professional victim counseling may be needed.

More than 3,000 centers throughout the United States offer free services to victims of crime, their families, and witnesses to crime. They are generally referred to as *victim/witness services*.

Victim/witness organizations may be located within various community agencies, such as hospitals, social service agencies, and county and city government offices. They also are independent organizations such as the Community United Against Violence, Inc. (CUAV). These centers usually offer their services to victims and witnesses even if those persons do not report the crime to the police.

Police and sheriff's departments may have special programs to assist victims and witnesses and serve persons who report the crime. Both community-based and police-based victim/witness units function to meet the immediate physical and emotional needs of victims and witnesses. These units offer a wide range of services, depending on their resources and organizational priorities. Typical examples of available services are counseling; education about the criminal justice system; victim advocacy (encouraging the acceptance of victim rights within the criminal justice system); emergency needs such as shelter, food, clothing, and medical attention; telephone hotlines; assistance in filing police and court papers; and referrals to other service agencies. Many victim/witness units have programs to educate the public about crime prevention and victimization.

Some victim/witness centers serve victims of specific kinds of crime, such as rape, domestic violence, and child abuse. Others offer services only to specific victim populations, such as women, the elderly, Gays, or juvenile victims. Still others serve victims of all types of crime and all victim populations.

Victim/witness units are also commonly located in prosecuting attorneys' offices. These particular services focus on providing information related to the courtroom. They prepare the victim and witness to give testimony and undergo questioning by attorneys. They will be helpful to you if your case comes to trial.

(To be continued)

On Christmas Eve, amid the general festivity of an uptight culture's time out for a little humanity, good humor and human warmth, two San Francisco police officers took time out to cite two Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence for peddling without a license on Castro Street.

On New Year's Eve I received an invitation to "Tea and Reconciliation" from the Sisters. Also invited were Police Chief Murphy and Mayor Feinstein. The Sisters would like to sit down and talk about "a commitment to understanding and celebrating our differences" in the true spirit of San Francisco.

Sisters, I am delighted to accept your invitation. Of course, I cannot speak for Mayor Feinstein or Chief Murphy, but I would hope that they would come. The Mayor has had considerable experience with another Order of Nuns (much of her education took place in a Roman Catholic Convent), but there can be little doubt that the Mayor could learn a lot from Sister Missionary Position and his band. In any case, it would certainly make for an interesting afternoon.

Among other things, it would be interesting to hear what the Mayor and Chief think of the statement, reported in last week's *Bay Area Reporter*, of Sgt. Mike O'Connell of Mission Station. According to the *Bay Area Reporter*, the Sergeant said that the SFPD has a policy of selective enforcement of the law, that "whether you get arrested or cited depends on the priorities of the officer."

Many of us have for years fought to change the priorities of the SFPD away from things

like the Polk Street sweeps and marijuana busts and other wastes of police time to concentrate on violent crime. Now we are told that the individual officer decides the priority. If he or she happens to dislike Gay people, does that mean we get a ticket rather than someone else? If he'd rather ticket cars parked near Gay bars than patrol dangerous areas, is that okay with the SFPD? And so on.

Nothing that has been done in a long time shows the ridiculousness of misplaced priorities more than hassling and citing the Sisters on Christmas Eve. I suspect that's why a large and angry crowd appeared so fast from out of what had been a group of Christmas revelers and last minute shoppers.

So now the Sisters have to appear at the Hall of Justice. God knows how much of the City's time and the taxpayers' money will be wasted in the process. Luckily, the charges are not serious, and I suspect that the Sisters — who far surpass the City's officialdom in creativity, humor and common sense — will have something up their ample sleeves that will make them come out on top in their Hall of Justice

SUPERVISOR HARRY BRITT appearance.

The *Bay Area Reporter* quotes Sr. Missionary Position as saying, "It is necessary that Lesbians and Gay men work through their guilt (much of it from religious teachings) so that they become full people. Humor is an important part of spirituality." That doesn't sound like the workings of a criminal mind to me.

The Sisters have given us a lot in the last few years: the dog show at Hibernia Beach, the best bingo games in town, holy ashes from the Folsom Street fire, a chance to laugh at ourselves and at the sacred institutions of society. They are in the best tradition of San Francisco and of our community.

They are an island of good-humored outrageousness in an increasingly uptight and conformist world. They are definitely not a problem requiring police attention.

As I said, I hope the Mayor and the Chief accept the invitation to tea.

ED. NOTE: The Mayor and the Chief met with Sister Missionary Position Monday afternoon.



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2. The award is for photographic journalism, not photographic art.
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Alternative Gay Lifestyles — A Success Story

by Gary Pedler

Like many San Franciscan gays, I haven't been satisfied with the city's facilities for meeting other men and have therefore investigated some of the non-standard ones. Among them has been Great Outdoor Adventures (GOA). Started by Aryae Levy as simply a Gay camping and back-packing club, GOA has broadened its scope to include Windjammer cruises, coffee houses, theatre-going, cooking classes, and other activities. In the two years since its inception, GOA has become the city's most substantial and interesting "social alternative." Many aspects of this organization have aroused my curiosity, and I recently decided to satisfy it by visiting Aryae one wet December night and having a talk with him. Hopefully, in satisfying my own curiosity, I'll also have helped satisfy that of others.

Aryae Levy did not come to this city under the classic homosexual circumstances. He was not a Gay man quitting Akron or Memphis or Rainy Butte, Montana, for the Happy Hunting Grounds of San Francisco. His progressive Boston high school allowed him to get credits for traveling in his senior year, and he chose California as his destination. He ended up in this particular neck of the California woods, however, only because the ride he got happened to be coming here, not because he was consciously Gay at the time. After going back East and attending college, he returned to San Francisco in 1973, lived here for four years, and then traveled in South America and Europe. His West Coast life had converted him into an outdoorsman, but it was left to his experiences abroad to bring him out as a Gay man.

"In Europe," Aryae said, "men were so impressed when I told them I was from San Francisco. They'd heard so many things about it, that it was such a wonderful place for Gay men to live. Eventually I began to think, 'Since I'm Gay and San Francisco is such a wonderful place for Gay men to live, why don't I

move back there?' I did move back, but was very disappointed by the Gay scene here. Because I'd thought of San Francisco as a friendly city, I imagined its Gay people would be friendly, but I found that they weren't. In fact, they were less friendly on the whole than Gays in other cities I'd been to, at least in the bars. I looked for ways of meeting people in other contexts, but couldn't find many."

Then after he'd been back in San Francisco for about six months, Aryae dreamt one night that he was leading a group of people out of the city, taking them on a trip, and "giving them salvation in some way." "The next day I said to myself, 'Why doesn't somebody do that — get Gay people together and take them on trips?' Then I thought, 'Well, if nobody else is doing it, why don't I?' It seemed to me I could either be one of those people who bitch about a situation and does nothing, or be one of those who does do something." During two days of furious thinking, he created GOA, complete at birth with many of the features of the present club, including membership fees, t-shirts, logo, and co-sexuality. To publicize it, he handed out flyers, put notices up on bulletin boards, and took out ads in Gay newspapers.

"All my friends did their best to talk me out of the venture because it required a large cash outlay for advertising, buying equipment, and so on. But I said, 'Let me try. Let's just see what happens.'" On May 25, 1979, the dream Aryae had had only a month before became a reality, and he led four people on GOA's first week-end trip. This was to Big Sur. Trips to the Russian River, Point Reyes, and other places soon followed. By January of 1980, GOA had 165 members and a year later it had 850, making it the fastest growing Gay social alternative in the country. At present, it has 1,250 members, and Aryae estimates that approximately 20,000 people have participated in GOA-sponsored events.

"When I first put GOA together, I had no idea it would evolve into what it is at present. It was just a little project of mine, a sort of hobby." But the hobby took on increasingly large proportions. One by one Aryae quit the three jobs he had had when GOA started so that he could devote more and more time to it. He began holding weekly coffee houses in the living room of his apartment. Lots of people started coming, so he opened up the double-parlor doors and his bedroom became public space too. Soon, so many people were



Aryae Levy, founder and director of Great Outdoor Adventures.

with GOA objects and doings, he moved his bed into a walk-in closet. And at last, it was necessary for him to move into a house so that he and GOA could both be accommodated. A newsletter came out once a month, and as many as three trips a week were being offered. In March of 1980, a month in which a hundred new members joined, Aryae finally decided that he couldn't do everything himself — including cooking for up to 50 people on the weekends — and began hiring people to work for him. The club had become a business, and books had to be kept, insurance taken out, lawyers consulted, taxes paid. From wondering if anybody would sign up for the trips he was offering in the spring of 1979, Aryae has gone to wondering at present if it may be necessary to close off membership one day.

"Lots of people who joined GOA at the beginning were alarmed to see it grow so fast. They liked its being a little club where just about everybody knew just about everybody else. I sympathize with them, but I think the advantages of a large GOA outweigh the advantages of a small one. The most important advantage is that costs are kept down if GOA has lots of members. This past year, we were able to offer many of the trips we had the year before at the same prices."

"I'm very careful about costs," Aryae went on. "I want GOA to be an organization for people who don't make much money as well as for those people who do. Most of the profit GOA makes is plowed back into the organization to make it better. Unfortunately, we had to raise our membership fee from \$25 to \$35 this spring. I felt bad about that, but I didn't have much choice. Our costs keep going up and up and up. Printing costs, for example, have more than tripled since GOA started. The list of our expenses is endless: three telephone lines; utilities; postage; advertising; computer services; food to bring on trips; the equipment we use to prepare the food we bring on trips. This week, two of our lanterns bit the dust and we had to get new ones. Last week, a hose on one of the stoves broke and we had to get a new hose. If not enough people sign up for a trip by a certain date, we have to cancel it and there goes whatever money we've already forked out for it. We lost \$800 this summer when a whitewater rafting trip was cancelled. The smaller trips and events don't bring in much money, and sometimes they're even losing ventures. For instance, we buy theatre tickets in blocks and sell them to members for a dollar or two above price, but one or two dollars doesn't pay for the time we've spent

(Continued on next page)




Twenty-six GOA'ers pause in their cross-country ski trip to Bear Valley.

coming that he had to move his bed into a room he'd been using as an office. Then when the office became crowded



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(Continued from previous page)

phoning, making arrangements, and so on."

When I commented that he wasn't managing his business as a good capitalist would, Aryae said, "If making money were my chief goal in life, I wouldn't be running GOA. Or I'd cut out two-thirds of its activities and become essentially a travel agent, concentrating on things like Windjammer cruises and trips to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. As it is, GOA is not just a business. It's also still what it started out to be — a club run for the benefit of the people who belong to it. We send out questionnaires asking the members what they'd like GOA to do. Once, a number of people said they wanted mid-week trips, so we did some. I used to think that GOA wasn't for everybody," Aryae continued. "For lots of people, yes, but not for everybody. Now I believe it is, could be for everybody. It can be put to so many uses."

"I think one misconception that people have about GOA," I said, "is that it's only for big, butch, outdoorsy types; for people who've already had a lot of experience with the activity in question: backpacking, white-water rafting, skiing."

"One of my main objectives in GOA," Aryae responded, "is to get hold of people who've never been camping, for example, and say to them, 'Come along with me on this trip. I'll make things easy for you. I'll do all the planning, prepare all the meals. You don't have a car? Other people going on the trip do, and we'll put you in touch with them. You don't know what to take? We'll tell you. You don't want to buy any equipment? You can rent things from us.' It's important to get Gays to venture out of the city. Some of them have never set foot outside it since they moved here. I want to say to people, 'Get off your asses, get out of town, and try something new.'"

"We want to get people away from the city not only literally, but also in a psychological sense. A lot of Castro Street men are blown away when they come to their first GOA event. They're not used to seeing a large group of Gay people interacting in a friendly, easy-going manner. I've observed men change considerably because of their involvement in GOA. On the

first day of a trip, someone will still be acting as though he were on Castro, but then on the next day, he'll begin to loosen up. And hopefully, if and when he goes back to Castro Street, he won't follow the precept, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' He'll let down his defenses and stop playing games."

And GOA isn't only helping men meet other men," Aryae added. "It also gives Gay men and women a chance to meet each other. GOA has had female members right from the start, participating in women-only events as well as co-sexual ones. It has a much better balance of men and women than most Gay organizations."

There is proof in Aryae's own life of GOA's effectiveness in bringing people together. He met Tim, the man he lives with, on a trip to Orr Hot Springs two years ago. "Tim's last relationship had been a long one and had a rather painful ending, so he was reluctant to become seriously involved. But I was persistent," Aryae smiled, "and my persistence eventually paid off. Tim is a special person, and there aren't so many special people in the world that you can afford to let those you find slip through your fingers."

"What effects has GOA had on your life besides bringing Tim into it?" I asked. "Are you pretty much the same person you were before you started the organization?"

"I think so," Aryae said. "In high school and college, I was involved in putting together yearbooks, bringing out newspapers. I turned a small Jewish youth group into one of the largest in the country. When I came back to San Francisco, my plan was to open a restaurant and run around playing hostess. I've always liked meeting people and working with them. It's hard for me to turn off the business side of me nowadays, though, since I'm so involved in what I'm doing. GOA is only two and a half years old. It's still a baby, and you have to spend a lot of time with a baby, looking after it. I'm constantly pouring GOA information into my brain, storing it, computing it. Also, I've become something of a public figure, and that's occasionally tiresome. I'd like to be able to go out at times and just be Aryae, not Aryae-GOA. It's a relief to leave town because outside San



A western outing — with covered wagon in balloon tires.

Francisco, no one knows who I am."

"Do you give much thought to GOA's future?" I then asked.

"Sure; I've got to. Most of this summer's trips are already planned. I paid my deposit on next year's Windjammer cruise this past October. . . . I can look ahead in this way and tell you things like, 'Such-and-such trips will probably take place,' but in other respects it's hard for me to predict what GOA will be doing in the future. A year ago, I didn't have an inkling that GOA would be active in some of the areas it's active in at present. I hadn't even thought of doing Wagon Train trips, for instance. GOA keeps growing, and exactly how it'll grow is something I can never know before-hand. I encourage it to grow in certain directions, but to some extent it also has a mind of its own."

"One of my pipe-dreams for the rather distant future is to have GOA acquire a place in the country. A house or a ranch or something. A coun-

try retreat where GOA people could go to get away from it all, either as renters or as part-owners. And either through GOA or by some other means, I'd like to help create retirement communities for Gays. In the past, older Gay people have been sorely neglected, and I want to do what I can to prevent that from being the case in the future. There are going to be a lot of older Gays in the coming decades, and you and I and the people we know will be among them. Everyone who's in his twenties now will be middle-aged in thirty years."

"Are you confident that GOA does have a future? You've explained how costly it is to run the organization and that you lose money on some events. Winters, I know, are lean times for you, with ski trips your only major source of income."

"GOA is going to exist in one form or another as long as I'm around. If a financial problem were to come up, there are people I could turn to for help. If members

weren't signing up for certain kinds of events, I'd change the programming. GOA is a stable organization."

"What sort of life do you think you'd have had if GOA hadn't come into existence?"

"I have no idea," replied Aryae, shaking his head. "Sometimes I think, 'My God, what would I be doing if GOA hadn't happened?' But really, there isn't much point in asking myself that question. What I am doing, the things that have come about, are all that matter." But the temptation to play the what-might-have-been game proved too strong for Aryae, and after a moment he added, "What would I have done? Who knows? Maybe I'd have opened that restaurant . . ."

Though I regretted that the course of events had deprived me of the chance to frequent *Chez Aryae*, I consoled myself with the thought that it was the creation of something much more valuable than another Gay restaurant which had made that impossible. ■

Gays in the Curriculum

State Representative Richard Groth of Iowa resigned from the legislative committee on education as a protest against the committee chairperson's use of the hearings as an outlet for Gay-baiting attacks on the state school system.

Groth, a school counselor, stated in his letter of resignation that he opposed Representative Karen Mann's use of the committee as "a soapbox from which to carry on a ridiculous crusade against what she perceives as the evils of our public education system," reported the *Des Moines Register*. Mann had charged that material implying that Jesus and his disciple John were lovers had been distributed by the Grant Wood Area Education Agency in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The packet of information referred to included a workshop questionnaire on attitudes toward homosexu-

ality and *Newsweek's* review of "Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality" by author John Boswell.

On the more positive side of things, however, *Library Journal* in its October 15 issue described "Places of Interest" (a map guide to the United States and Canada for Gay men) and its Lesbian counterpart "Places of Interest to Women" as "amazingly thorough and recommended for all but the smallest libraries." This was the first time a non-Gay publication had reviewed a Gay guidebook. *Library Journal's* recommendations have a strong influence on the choice of materials made by the acquisition departments of public libraries. According to Marianne Ferrari, publisher of both guidebooks, orders have been received from public libraries in Providence, R.I.; Bridgeport, Connecticut; Dayton, Ohio; and Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

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OAKLAND

Pretty Pleasing Predictions

VATICINATION (A "Seeing" Nose?)

Predictions are always BIG this time of year, and nothing lends itself to prognostication better than Oakland's places and people.

It's so wacky, anybody's guess is good . . . including mine! With that in mind, here are some personal predictions about the aforementioned Personalities and establishments.

- The Bench & Bar will remodel and enlarge its balcony and open an "after hours" bath house. The condensation from the steam room will fill the "pit," making it Oakland's only indoor nudie hot tub!
- Berry's will relocate in Montclair to become the area's first "sole sipping spa!"
- Jubilee will do away with the "Joe sent Me" door, and will install a lockless revolving door in its stead.
- Lancers will be purchased by Nickodemus and become "Trading Post East!"
- Lake Lounge will expand into the store next door and install an ice rink for Gay blades!
- Ollie's will get a full gas-ahol license and give free washes with every fill-up.
- Revol will become a drag bar, and only dudes with snoods will be allowed.
- The White Horse will relieve the "good old days" and only crew-cut, cardigan wearers can cruise!
- Ollie will organize another ad campaign . . . this time aimed at the International Association of Print-A-Sign Operators!
- Leslie and Sue will get

married . . . Sue will wear the beard; Leslie, the pants!

- Joe will turn Gay. His Gay friends won't "understand" this, and desert him!
- Jim will quit the bar business to open a chain of "Take-Outies" in Oakland's Chinatown!
- Mike and John will "invent" the No Cover Charge, and sell the idea to all discos!
- Graham will take speed reading and talking lessons, and chair meetings all over the state!
- Trok will discover Drag, and will become Closet Ball Queen for life!
- Peter will get into beastiality and eventually settle down with a giraffe and an ostrich . . . Trok will want the plumes!
- Fred will again flex his fingers, figuring friendship is Frankly finished!
- Jim will leave bartending to open a bath boutique corner in the new Trading Post East!
- Jon-Jon and Shawn will secretly marry and settle down as Elaine's roommates!
- Val and Marge will redecorate the sleeper of their new Mac truck!
- Betty will let her hair grow into a page-boy style, with frosted tips!
- Rusty will fall in love with high heels and attach same to her "go-aheads!"
- Ralph and Pete will quit drinking and realize that being sober is no better than being drunk!
- Hagatha and Becky will actually play liar's dice together . . . the winner getting one week in Lodi . . . the

loser gets two weeks!

- Rick and Billy will have a fist fight-over who gets to kiss Ethel first on Friday nights!
- Victor will relinquish his white tux in favor of a plaid zoot suit with a seersucker cummerbund!
- Naomi and Myrna discover, by comparing notes, that they are both going with the same popolo! They decide to share!
- Big Chuck will deliberately serve black-eyed peas and watermelon on his first anniversary!
- Trish will once again hold her "Trash Awards" . . . only this time she will actually use the adverbial form of personal!
- Jeff will no longer play the movie star game, but instead he'll stay awake while drinking!
- Chuck and Carlos will run for Emperor and Empress IV, and get the titles for life!
- Tony Valentine and Fat Fairy will actually buy a drink . . . and leave a tip!!
- Chuck of Alameda will open a Gay bar in that city and anyone over 4'3" will not be allowed in!
- Cha Cha will become Randy once more, only to become Cha Cha again, then Randy, Cha Cha, Randy . . .
- "Irving" will be welcomed back to the Russian River . . . only "Irving" . . . not any of the people who usually ride inside!
- Pat and Richard will do their drinking at home . . . and five Oakland bars will close down!
- Big Mama will buy a pair of designer jeans and a bright green torso shirt! His eyes will

bulge, his ears will ring, but he will continue to sing his Helen Keller jokes!

- Zephyr and Dan will exchange places and no one will notice . . . not even their lovers!
- Ed will entertain his customers by translating the Iliad and the Odyssey from the original Greek!
- Ray will lose a groping contest to an unknown from the salt flats of Newark!
- Daddy David and Bedsores Mary will win the National Liar's Dice competition in Provo, Utah, only to discover that the drinks they were shaking for are not allowed in that state!
- Jack will have only nice things to say to his customers for one full week . . . make that one full day . . . cancel that . . . one full hour!
- Dago and Taco Toni will actually pour a regular drink and all their customers will think they were short-shotted!
- Frumpy will get a Mohawk haircut and wear a T-shirt that says "I am not Mrs. Jack!!!"

• Michael and Nova will produce a musical based on *The Prince and The Pauper*, entitled "The Swiss Family Robinson Stoops to Conquer." The critics will love it, but it will fold after one and one-half performances at the Paramount!

• Juan will go totally into Punk Rock, forming his own group called "Patty-Maxine-and-Laverne are alive and well in Lake Merritt!"

• Stephanie will find the love of her life, only to discover they don't wear the same size panty-hose!

• David and Paul will leave the area to start a new "court system" in the Virgin Islands. They will be disappointed that recycling can't be done!

. . . and finally . . .

• Nez Pas will actually write a column that will please everybody on both sides of the Bay . . . naturally, it will be her obituary!

May all your dreams come true in 1982.

Love,

Nez

Sex Show at The Hub

The Hub, at 1220 Pine Street in Walnut Creek, joins the growing number of bars that feed the needs of the community that keeps them alive, by hosting a slide show and lecture on Sexually Transmitted Diseases. The show will take place on Monday, January 11, at 7:30pm, and The Hub will welcome each attendee with a free well-drink. The show presented last year at The Hub was extremely successful and is hosted once again by Dr. Silverman. An enthusiastic audience member of an earlier show informed us that the slide show featured "hunks." So learn what you need to know from Dr. Silverman, watch the boys, and have a drink on the house.

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Playwright Birimisa Digs to the Truths

by John F. Karr

George Birimisa has been living in San Francisco since 1980. Although he was born and raised in Santa Cruz, lived for many years in New York and sojourned in dozens of other spots (with the help of a stint in the Navy and a World War), he appears the literary stereotype of the San Franciscan. William S. Burroughs seems to have written several roles with Birimisa in mind. He's slightly grizzled, though much younger in look and spirit than his actual age. He's been around the block, seen the sights and can tell you about them. If you care to hear, that is, for he's a pretty casual fellow. His dockworker cap, scruffy jeans and T-shirt continue his Sargoyesque picture. But whether he looks like a longshoreman or a railroad man or an inhabitant of a "Time of Your Life" bar, Birimisa is actually a well-known, widely-read and frequently produced playwright. He's one of the first Gay American playwrights, and has been listed in Who's Who, Contemporary Authors and Contemporary Dramatists. I didn't know all this when we sat down to talk over enchiladas and coffee in a cute little Mexican diner near the Theatre Rhinoceros (where his World War II drama *Pogey Bait* opened January 7) or I might have been a bit less offhand towards him.

"What have you done?" I asked. "And when did you do it?"

"It seems I've been a Gay playwright for 99 years," he joked. "I wrote my first play in 1965 and had my first production in 1966. This staging of *Pogey Bait* is the first production I've had in a 'Gay' theatre.

"In 1965 I had just split with my lover and moved to New York. I'd wanted to be a writer all my life. I was just going to do it then or kill myself!

"But I didn't study play writing in New York. I took acting, with Uta Hagen. I wrote my first play, *Degrees*, for my lover and myself to perform at Theatre Genesis. Sam Shepard's first play was done there, and they did Leonard Melfi. They were very homophobic there. The director of the theatre wrote an introduction to the book that anthologized *Degrees* and said, 'Theatre Genesis plays are conspicuously heterosexual.' This was several years before Stonewall, remember. Well, they turned down every play I wrote after that first one. The paranoia was great. They jumped if I casually touched them. I think what really freaked them out was that I was more masculine than them! I was also angry and frustrated. I guess I gave it to them pretty good.

"I wasn't overtly sexual, but I questioned their trip and fought with the management. I learned how to write plays there, because everyone was so critical. They'd tear everything apart. It was very painful, but I was too stubborn to leave."

Birimisa left when his play *Daddy Violet* was a hit. "It was about three violets overlooking the Mekong Delta during the Vietnam war. It had an openly Gay sensibility — they were dirty violets. One went down on the other! It was very typical of late 60's theatre.

"But I was so angry I decided to out avant-garde everyone. Well, *Daddy Violet* got three columns in The

Voice, everyone jumped up and down and called me a genius. I think that had something to do with the play's form. It appealed to intellectuals.

"So we toured colleges and Canada with it, and played San Francisco in 1968, at the old Committee Theatre on Montgomery. But no one was ready for it. We played to straight, uptown audiences, and they watched in stony silence.

"There was no Gay outreach then, no Gay newspapers. It was a big flop.

"*Georgie Porgie* gave me my reputation. It ran for 110 performances, and was anthologized. I had just split up with my lover — once and for all — and wrote the play in 10

How can you believe in your work and yourself when the world tells you being Gay is Thumbs Down?

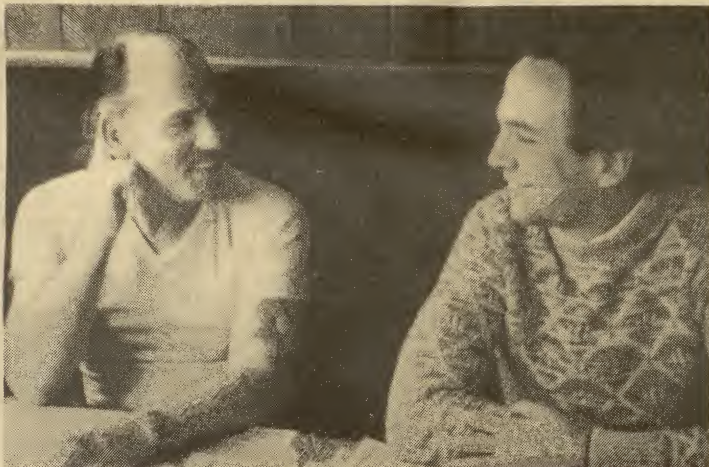
climactic movements. In the last scene Georgie is nude, inundated by poppers and porno, listening to the 'Liebestod,' very anguished, crying, 'God... help me!'

"I don't write like that anymore. But back then it was very strong stuff. It was very scary. In the last ten years it hasn't been done."

I asked George just what the differences were between then and now. It's obvious that the playwright has changed as much as the times.

"The biggest difference is how I feel about myself and my own self-worth, as opposed to the way I felt most of my life. I'll be 58 in February, and for over 40 of those years the whole world told me being Gay was thumbs down. How can you believe in your work and yourself if everyone tells you it stinks?

"Things have changed. I can feel good about myself for being Gay, and get support. Before my first play I'd written my whole life. But I never broke through to my feelings. I tried to write like other accepted authors. That's why



George Birimisa (l) and Allan Estes. Said director Estes, "It was intimidating to learn that George was not only going to be in town, but had directed the play once himself. But I couldn't get along without him: we love each other's presence." (Photo by Rink)

I'm a Gay playwright — I'm writing about me.

"Now my life is flowing. Since moving to San Francisco I feel like I don't have to be a hypocrite. The experience of being in a Gay culture removes pressure. I can function freely: my writing is flowing.

"I'm back to writing fiction now. Under a thinly disguised pen name I wrote 'S and M Gym' for *Drummer*. I'm working on a novel called 'Sissy,' and a chapter of it is in Gay Sunshine's *Gay Fiction Anthology*.

"It has surprised me to find

plained Allan. "They had been uprooted from their homes. They couldn't or wouldn't go home, and came to large cities, like this one."

This background was fascinating, but George wasn't feeling historical. "I just wanted to tell a story," he burst in, "with a lot of excitement and conflict."

"And, a touch of melodrama," inserted Allan.

It's fairly obvious that a tale of coming-out and interracial love confined within a battleship is going to be dramatic. *Pogey Bait* is now at Theatre Rhinoceros and runs until February 7. It may provide a

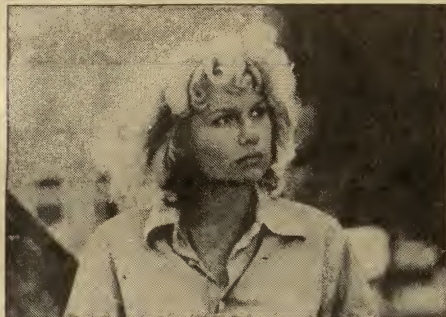
more purposefully hard hitting story than other Birimisa works.

When I questioned George about the popular stereotype concerning neurosis as a well-spring for artistic output, he exploded. "That's bullshit!" he cried.

Having learned how to express his personal truths, and having lived through rigorous pressures, George's word can be taken as expert testimony. Without the conflicts he faced earlier in his career, "I have a freedom I've never felt before," he concluded happily. "I go humming to the typewriter."

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STAGE

Stage Group Theatre: HAMLET 1926

by Bartlett Naylor

Before the first line of verse is uttered in the Stage Group's production of *Hamlet*, a flapper strips her clothes on a card table, and Ophelia seduces a thug before an approving crowd. Yes, this is a modern interpretation of the Shakespearean tragedy. Set in 1926 in a southside Chicago hotel, this *Hamlet* is ostensibly about bootlegging mobs and their codes of revenge.

But if the actions of Ophelia do not seem exactly fitting — she is supposed to be a modest maid — then it must

be immediately clear that this production is not a creative interpretation, but outright gang war on the Bard's classic.

It takes an active imagination to swallow these poetic-tongued characters as gangsters, and to think of Denmark and Norway as rival gangs and Elsinore as the hotel where the Claudius family is holed up. Is Paris, where Laertes returns after the initial scene, Ohio?

Not only is *Hamlet* strained

in a 1920's setting, but the various elements clash. Costume designer Linda Ayres and her crew do their double-breasted best to convince us of the period, only to have artistic director Wendell Phillips allow each character to choose his own accent — a near Irish brogue for Hamlet, Noel Cowardese for Claudius, ahmrecan English for Rosencrantz and/or Gildenstern, and Germanic English for Ophelia. None of the actors choose to talk like gangstas.

The acting itself is uneven. B. David James as Claudius trips through his syllables leaving intelligibility on either side. And John Idakitis as Hamlet seems not to understand his lines; when told that his father's ghost has been seen, he sits limply in his chair.

But lo! Are not these blows overly severe? Director Phillips does introduce a few fun ideas, such as Polonius, played by Steve Coleman, the platitudinous old hypocrite who speeds through the day with Angel Dust and multi-sexual relations.

And Idakitis does charge some of the soliloquies with emotion, especially after he has gone seemingly mad. He molds his lines, stretching some words, pausing more frequently, finally allowing personality into his character.

But the bulk of the production is a sad try. The acting is simply not sharp enough, nor the interpretation tight enough to do justice to this standard.

Not that modern interpretations are inherently ill-

conceived. British director Michal Bodgonov has proven with stellar productions of both *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew* that the Bard's works are timeless. In his *Hamlet*, for example, the hero is a radical 1960's student returned to find that a junta led by his uncle has usurped his father's throne.

There is potential in the gangster setting was witnessed by the very believable Godfather rendering of

Godfather rendering of *Hamlet* by Mario Puzo, or the real-life enactment by the Kennedy family. But the Stage Group has not found it.

Hamlet plays an open-ended schedule at 449 Powell St., near Sutter, Third Floor. ■

Mythos Mask Dance Presents Selections From The Myths

by John F. Karr

Two of the characters to be seen in the upcoming Mythos Mask Dance concert are the Monster, a mixed Gorgon/Medusa type, and The Personification of Revenge and Anger. These two ancient horrors come into conflict with less frightening characters — Female, Refined Male, Strong Male, and Old Male.

Where do you find a dancing Monster? Does one publish a casting notice for Personifications of Revenge? These difficulties are sur-

mounted by Mythos Mask by the use, of course, of representational masks. How local dancers Terence and Patrick Stark found themselves behind those masks is an interesting tale.

Terry Stark had felt a need for a mythological art form, to communicate the mystical power of mythology to contemporary audiences. "Creating whole new techniques," he explained, "as Martha Graham did, was beyond me. When I saw Javanese dance I

realized the mythological form that was its essence."

Terry won a choreographer's award for a dance he created mixing the Javanese style with Led Zeppelin's music. "It was very naive. I'm loathe to admit I did it," he confessed. It was so superficial."

It danced well, however, since the Javanese rhythmic style has an eight bar beat, well suited to rock rhythms. Terry used the prize money he won to begin the travels and studies that ultimately won him mastery of a most foreign dance form.

Terry studied in Java, at the Royal Dance Academy, for four years. While there he taught "ethnic" dance, that is, Western ballet. The training at the Academy is thorough. Dance is studied exhaustively, as well as singing and every instrument in the orchestra. Western dancers rarely study music, and Terry felt the difference keenly. "It connects you to the music on a subconscious, automatically responding level," he said.

"Javanese dance is an absolutely stately form, based on body isolations." Although it is a dramatic form, Terry realized Americans could never come to understand the stories, since Javanese mythology is unknown here.

"I wanted to recreate the Javanese experience," said Terry, "so that the audience could understand it as a story, beyond a pure dance experience." This is similar to hearing opera in a foreign tongue. A full understanding is prohibited by the language barrier despite the ability to follow on a more simplistic level. "Except that I'm not simply translating a traditional Javanese piece, but creating an entirely new one."

Terry has set Western mythology to the Javanese dance style. "I felt people wanted to identify more with the dance form, since it's incredibly beautiful." This mingling of styles has proved extremely successful, and Terry's aim of creating a mythological art form fulfilled.

"I had to ask permission of my teacher," said Terry. "He was a part of the Royal Palace, and very traditional. I could always have been accused of bastardization. But my teacher thought it a brilliant, and necessary, idea. Later, he did a dance of his own like this, which freed him from his own conceptions of mythology, creating a neo-classical style."

Terry now has this entire tradition, as embodied by his teacher, behind him. The current performances, at 544



Behind the handcrafted and painted mask, which was carved in wood by a Javanese carver, is Terry Stark, creator of Mythos Mask Dance. The company performs old and new dances for two weeks at 544 Natoma.

Natoma, the new performance gallery, run two weeks ending following January 8 and 15. Excerpts from the "Amazon Queen Cycle" and "Klytemnestra" will be presented, along with "Perseus and the

into a continuous present."

That present unites ancient Western stories with the exoticism of Javanese dance. Fronted by their fabulous masks, Terry and Patrick

Mythos Mask recreates the Javanese experience, merging it with Western mythology so Americans could identify with it.

Gorgon Medusa" and "The Love Dance of Helen and Paris."

The dances have the feeling and flow of Tai Chi, with a narrative plot. "The dancers affect one's sense of time," said Terry. "They pull you

Stark portray multiple characters. They Mythos Mask Dance is a unique and highly lauded dance form. The 544 Gallery is small, and reservations (621-2683) are necessary. ■

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FILM CLIPS

81's Best & Worst — Test Your Movie Mania

MICHAEL LASKY

Here's *Bay Area Reporter's* annual ten best/ten worst films list — except this year there are eleven choices on each list. Instead of reciting the ho-hum reasons for their inclusion here, I have made up hypothetical headlines that might have shown up at the top of the review of each picture.

Then I have scrambled the order of the headlines so they do not correspond to the films to which they truly belong. (Films are included on the list based on their opening day in the San Francisco area from January 1, 1981, to December 24, 1981.)

See if you can correctly match up the proper headlines to each film. The number/letter answer key will be found below.

(Movies are listed in alphabetical order only.)

BEST

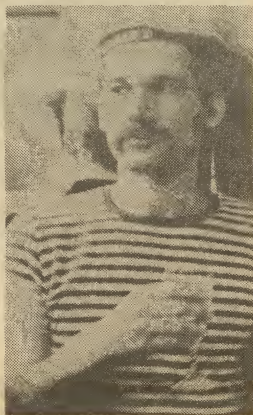
- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1. Atlantic City | A. Hamilton Swishbuckler Like His Dracula Role: It Sucks |
| 2. Chariots of Fire | B. Fonda's Arab Oil Intrigue is All Gas |
| 3. Eyewitness | C. How to CARRY a Millionaire |
| 4. First Monday in October | D. Deer Hunter Cimino's Horse Opera is All Manure |
| 5. Melvin and Howard | E. Lumet's 3-Hour Harrowing Police-athon is All Treat |
| 6. Prince of the City | F. Brooke SHIELDS Talent in Terminal Puppy Love Sudser |
| 7. Ragtime | G. Runners Get Gold Metals and Our Hearts |
| 8. Raiders of the Lost Ark | H. Boardwalk's Best Bet Wins Easy With Lancaster |
| 9. S.O.B. | I. Wild Goose CHASE & Tasteless Midget Jokes in Need of Wizard |
| 10. The Sailor's Return | J. Distributors Miss the Boat on Unreleased Film Festival Gem |
| 11. Zoot Suit | K. Nice Guys Wear Black |



ZOOT SUIT, an exciting, theatrical movie, pulled no punches.



One unpopular movie portrayed Zorro as a "Swish."



Bernd, so cute in TAXI ZUM KLO, that he cast his lover in the villain's role.



"All right! So you didn't like my movie. I'm not getting puffed up over it!"

WORST

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 12. Blow Out | L. Comedian Saddled With Blazing Toilet Jokes — Gets Trapped in Sewer |
| 13. Buddy Buddy | M. Thriller Gets HURT and is Unpainful Pleasure |
| 14. Chu Chu & The Philly Flash | N. Clayburgh & Matthau Judged Winners in Supreme (Court) Comedy |
| 15. Endless Love | Q. Haunted Houseman & No Tapping Fred Never Find Lost Script |
| 16. Ghost Story | P. Hunt for Buried Treasure Deservedly Finds Gold at Box Office |
| 17. Heaven's Gate | R. Two Hours of Burnett's Carmen Miranda is a Drag |
| 18. Legend of the Lone Ranger | S. Travolta Wasted in DePalma's Lousy Blow Job |
| 19. Mel Brooks' History of the World | T. Czech Director's Ode to America Filled With Riches |
| 20. Rollover | U. Masked Man Bites Silver Bullet and Gets Indian in Rear to Boot |
| 21. Under the Rainbow | V. Wilder's Odd Coupling With Matthau Still a Lemmon |
| 22. Zorro, The Gay Blade | W. Hollywood Satire Sees Holden Pee in Pants and Julie Take 'Em Off |

ANSWER KEY

1. H - 2. G - 3. M - 4. N - 5. C - 6. E - 7. T - 8. P - 9. W - 10. J - 11. K - 12. S - 13. V - 14. R - 15. F
16. Q - 17. D - 18. U - 19. L - 20. B - 21. I - 22. A



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TALES OF TESSI TURA

Verdi for the Size Queens

GEORGE HEYMONT

I don't think we really have to be polite about this. There's a whole population out there that is far more impressed by size than actual performance. Whether one measures his thrills in inches or decibels, it's no secret that the big ones who pack a substantial wallop are the most popular. Any attempt at subtlety gets the old heave-ho. What is missing in nuance, however, is often compensated for by tidal waves of sheer noise. And yes, Virginia, it can be highly titillating.

The power of Verdi's choruses is often neglected when opera fans listen to one favorite aria after another. But certain ensembles (like the Triumphal Scene from *Aida*) have managed to become audience favorites. What one often forgets is that mounting such operas as *Aida* and *Macbeth* is an awesome job for any director. If I focus on these two works from the Italian repertoire it is because they are favorites of mine. One is extremely popular with opera audiences; the other is a highly underestimated work.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

A second look at San Francisco Opera's production of *Aida* allowed me to pierce through the glare from all the glitz onstage and take a more careful look at the show. This was hardly what you could call a no-frills *Aida*. Between the gold lame, the fluffed Afghan and the ostrich plume fans by Feathers & Leathers, designers Douglas Schmidt and Lawrence Casey went at their job with a vengeance. What they delivered was the

kind of physical production one dreams about — an *Aida* of monumental proportions which can still work tidily within the confines of an extremely flexible unit set. The design values of the production (flaming torches and all) are superb. Alas, the human element caused severe problems.

This was most painfully evident during the crucial Triumphal Scene where Margo Sappington's choreography was embarrassingly provincial. Staging the Triumphal Scene isn't easy. It requires inordinate skill in moving large masses of people around the stage quickly and efficiently. As each successive group of warriors approached center stage, however, it became obvious that while you can lead a bunch of supers to the footlights, you can't make them drink from the fountain of credibility. The first time around I got a pleasant enough laugh out of the proceedings. The second night out I was blushing with embarrassment. Sappington's ballet sequence was a bad joke.

Much of the problem rests with Sam Wanamaker's direction, which ranged from lax to nonexistent. Crucial moments in the opera (such as the end of the Judgment Scene) were botched through sheer lack of insight into what Verdi's music was saying. That very same problem seemed to affect Luciano Pavarotti (who refused to even look at his colleagues unless it was absolutely necessary). Pavarotti's performance had little to do with a hero in conflict. Throughout the evening his acting resem-



"Oh, what I wouldn't give for some Hostess Twinkies!" Lady Macbeth (Josephine Barstow) roams the castle at night consumed with frustration in the Lyric Opera of Chicago's production of Verdi's *MACBETH*.

bled a trained dog who had been taught to salivate on cue for the family portrait. His singing was passable but hardly matched the publicity which has been ramming Pavarotti down everyone's throat this year. I felt like I was watching a singing bulldozer.

Margaret Price's *Aida*, however, was a fascinating treat. Price has a huge instrument which can easily soar over the orchestra and chorus when all engines are going full steam ahead. Not much smaller than Pavarotti in size, she moves with a rapidity and grace which betrays her girth. Her concept of *Aida* is one which demands attention. The contrast between a committed, musicianly artist on the distaff side and a superstar who is fast becoming a hack caused a strange tug of war in the hearts of the audience.

SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS

By comparison, the production of *Macbeth* which I caught at the Lyric Opera of Chicago was a far more unified exercise in musical theatre. Using Nicola Benois' superb sets (originally designed for the Miami Opera) and costumes from Malabar, the Lyric created a tight production which met the mystical demands of the opera with triumphant results. Special credit goes to Duane Schuler for his highly evocative lighting.

Macbeth is a fiendish show to produce. In addition to the lung-busting work for a soprano, the opera is chock full of massive choral writing, swordplay, apparitions, you name it! It is also a gorgeous evening of musical drama filled with Verdi's blood-pumping patriotic rhythms, intense theatricality and raw excitement. Stage director Nathaniel Merrill (an old hand at this idiom) got the huge chorus to produce exceptional work. Together with conductor Adam Fischer he kept the curtain up on a long night of opera which did not wind down until most of the cast was dead.

The best singing of the eve-

ning, as expected, came from Paul Plishka as Banco. Plishka's resonant basso rumbled through the Lyric Opera House with that special warmth which comes from somewhere down around his knees. Plishka's appearances make the price of admission a sure investment on any evening. Piero Capucilli's *Mac-*

beth was strongly sung, if occasionally a bit wooden. Gregory Kunde's Malcolm was impressive.

The big question in every production of *Macbeth* centers not on the protagonist, but on his evil wife, Lady Macbeth. The role features some of Verdi's most difficult writing for a soprano and requires someone with the stamina of an aircraft carrier. Josephine Barstow's villainess was superbly acted but often lacked the sheer physical power to cut through the wall of sound coming from the chorus and orchestra during Verdi's huge ensembles. During her solo arias (particularly the sleepwalking scene) she was most effective.

Part of the joy of experiencing Chicago's production was to see the job done and done well. Benois' sets capture the dank, damp corridors of those gloomy old castles as well as the desolation out on the heaths. Here was a production where the forest did, in fact, move to Dunsinane; the apparition of Banco's descendants as a line of kings was chillingly effective, and the gathering of witches downright unearthly.

More than most operas, *Macbeth* offers a complete buffet spread which covers the range of Verdi's writing. There are superb solo passages for all principals. But it is the massive power of the choral writing in this opera which usually brings listeners to the edge of their seats — agog at the sheer wonder of sound passing over the footlights. If you like it big, thick and throbbing with excitement, be sure to catch *Macbeth* whenever and wherever it is performed.



"Thanks, anyway, but my people don't do poppers." Aida (Margaret Price) passes up an offer to get high from her rival in love, Amneris (Stefania Toczyska).

NEIGHBORS

For "Saturday Night Live" Fans Only

by Ron Kraus

Next time you walk next door to borrow a cup of sugar be thankful you don't have John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd for neighbors. With these two, you're bound to get sugar and spice and everything not-so-nice.

Conservative Earl (Belushi) and wife Enid (Kathryn Walker) live a thrilling life of 5 O'Clock News, Kotex commercials and frozen waffles for dinner. Into their dull, normal lives shines a ray of abnormality (actually a solar flare) in the form of Ned and Ramona (Aykroyd and Cathy Moriarty).

Crazy Ned likes to borrow Earl's car to drive across the street to his house and make dinner. Over/undersexed Ramona likes to "check out a man's unit," mainly Earl's,

and then accuses him over supper of "trying to pork her." Enid feeds the neighbor's dog steaks and her husband the waffles. Earl is trying to understand it all.

Finding deep meaning or riveting social statements in this plot is like trying to find a needle in a haystack. Our/their excessive use of products (including TV, of course) is obvious, however. Our stagnant, changeless lives need not remain that way.

If the clash between normal and abnormal happened like it does here, nervous breakdowns would fast become the norm. Yet something is appealing about them, for Earl later says, "They are beyond neat. They should be on '60 Minutes.'" One warning, though: if you weren't a "Saturday Night Live" fan, forget it!

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BACK TO BATON

Everything Old is New Again

PHILIP CAMPBELL

The old song calls Vienna "the city of my dreams." For me that's literally so. I've never been there but, in my imaginings, the stories must be true. Vienna is a rococo paradise filled with gaiety, conversation, rich food and, best of all, the most beautiful music in the world.

The words "Old Vienna" conjure up pictures of dashing young Hussars waltzing in grand candlelit ballrooms with breathtaking women in dazzling gowns. Everything is Romance and Passion and Champagne.

So goes my dream, and the wonderful Polkas, Gallops, and Waltzes of the Strauss family and others of the period (Lanner, Lehar, Von Suppe) do nothing to dispel the illusion.

For New Year's Eve 1981 the San Francisco Symphony continued its seventeen year tradition of re-creating that glittering epoch with "A Night in Old Vienna."

Davies Hall was filled with acrobats, strolling violinists,

thousands of balloons, champagne, noise makers, party hats, pastries, and several thousand flushed and happy merry-makers — all riding high on the elegant melodies reverberating throughout the auditorium.

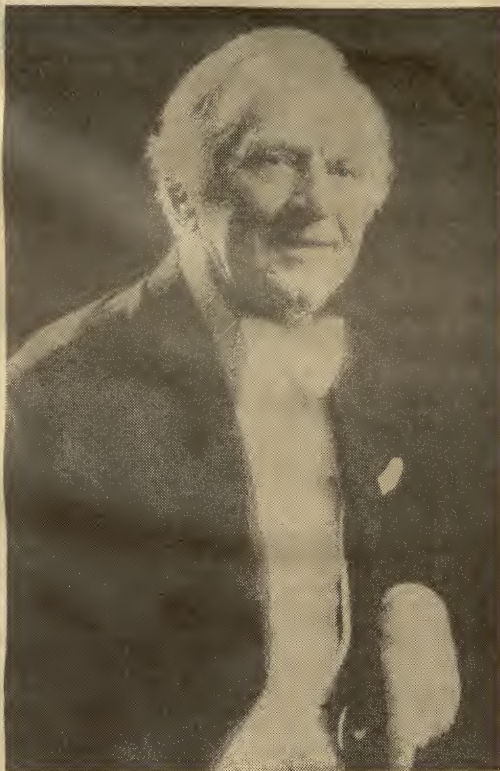
Hopefully, beginning his first of many future guest appearances conductor Willi Boskovsky led a performance that shimmered with brilliant highlights and seduced the sophisticated audience into a mood of happy nostalgia for a past they've never experienced.

Dressed in impeccable evening clothes and wearing an adorable smile, Boskovsky is every bit the Viennese Maestro. At times his exuberance prompted him to grab a violin and play along with the orchestra a la Johann Strauss himself. Whether tapping his foot or leading the musicians with the bow of his fiddle, Boskovsky's infectious wit and charm elicited a joyous response from his listeners and some really first rate playing from his band.

The Overture to *Die Fledermaus* bristled with speed and precision. The Polkas and Gallops skipped and erupted in mad abandon. Still, it was the Waltzes that made the evening glow and kept the cold and rainy night in some other country. By the time the encores ended and the wildly enthusiastic crowd was on its feet, it was only logical to link arms and sing a particularly heartfelt "Auld Lang Syne."

The capacity audience at Davies Hall was bound together New Year's Eve by a sprightly old man in white tie and tails who toasted us and his first violinist with a glass of champagne and a taste of days gone by.

I have never been fond of frantic melancholy New Year's Eve in the past. This merry, cheerful and peculiarly tender celebration spent with friends and lovers and gentle strangers in Symphony Hall changed my mind. A gala party that honors the past seems a fitting way to welcome in the New.



Jovial Viennese conductor Willi Boskovsky — when the music gets exciting he grabs a violin and plays along.

SCIENCE FICTION

THE FUTURE AS PAST: 1981 WRAP-UP

JERRY JACKS

Taking advantage of that handy and arbitrary device, the end of the calendar year, I want to do a frustratingly brief look at Science-Fiction and Fantasy output for 1981. As with so much else, 1981 was not a banner year for SF/F publishing. There were over 550 titles published within the field in 1981, but the following recommended list has only 32 items on it. Some books appeared in 1980 and I am noting the paperback publication, so I'm listing less than 5% of the total output. Typical, but not great.

Nothing this year was of such note that I need to spotlight it.

Unless marked "HC," the following recommended books are all paperbacks. The hardcover books are listed so that you'll know they are available and can look for the imminent, in most cases, paperback.

WRAP-UP LIST

Some selected awards given in 1981, all for work written in 1980:

NEBULA AWARD (given by the Science-Fiction Writers Association) — **Best Novel** - *Timescape* by Gregory Benford; **Best Novella** - *The Unicorn Tapestry* by Suzy McKee Charnas; **Grand Master** - Fritz Leiber.

HUGO AWARDS (voted upon and given by members of the World Science-Fiction Convention) — **Best Novel** - *The Snow Queen* by Joan Vinge (while this was possibly the best novel on the ballot list, this is definitely the weakest novel to win this award in many years); **Best Novella** - *Lost Dorsai* by Gordon R. Dickson.

WORLD FANTASY AWARDS (nominees selected

by an expert jury and voted on by convention members and judges) — **Best Novel** - *The Shadow of the Torturer* by Gene L. Wolfe; **Best Short Fiction** - *The Ugly Chickens* by Howard Waldrop; **Life Achievement** - C. L. Moore.

Well, that's it. I'm looking forward to 1982 with the usual mixture of breathless anticipation and qualms. While the third Robert Stallman book is due out, we also are due for George Nader's *Chrome II*; so much for parity.

RECOMMENDED IN '81

A. A. Attanasio, *Radix* (William Morris & Co.), \$15.95 HC.

Gregory Benford and Gordon Eklund, *If The Stars Are Gods* (Ace), \$2.95.

Marion Zimmer Bradley, *The House Between the Worlds* (Ballantine), \$2.50. A major re-write and improvement of an earlier novel. *Sharra's Exile* (DAW), \$2.95. This is a Darkover novel, a di-

rect sequel to *The Heritage of Hastur* and has content of interest to Gays and Lesbians.

William S. Burroughs, *Cities of the Red Night* (Holt Rhinehart Winston), \$14.95 HC. Of interest to Gay men.

Octavia Butler, *Kindred* (Pocket), \$2.75. One of the finest books of 1979, this is the first paperback edition. Of special interest to feminists. Highly recommended. *Wild Seed* (Pocket), \$2.75. Perhaps THE best book of 1980, first paperback edition. Highly recommended. Polymorphus, primarily heterosexual in nature.

Terry Carr (as Editor), *Universe 11* (Doubleday), \$9.95 HC. *Best SF of the Year - 10* (Pocket), \$3.50. *A Treasury of Modern Fantasy* (Martin Greenberg - Co-Editor) (Avon), \$8.95. A massive look at the Fantasy field from the turn of the century to date. *Fantasy Annual IV* (Pocket), \$3.50. Contains "The Brave Little Toaster" by Thomas M. Disch and "The Monkey" by Steven King, among others. Highly recommended.

Richard Cowper, *A Dream of Kinship* (Berkeley), \$2.50. *Profundis* (Pocket), \$2.25. Very black humor.

Samuel R. Delany, *Distant Stars* (Bantam), \$8.95. A very attractive trade paperback, profusely illustrated. Of

(Continued on Page 24)



Elizabeth Lynn with B.A.R. columnist Jerry Jacks at her Paperback Traffic booksigning party. Jacks recommends Lynn's work for its "Gay, Lesbian and Feminist" content. (Photo by Rink)

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BOOK RACK

Springwood

By Larry Parr

Plantagent House

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Shawn said, "It's too bad we have to be so ashamed. It's so good between us."

"We're not ashamed, Shawn." The answer was a whisper. "But sometimes you have to beat down the truth and hide what's beautiful just to survive."

Springwood seems to be a lusty mating of Uncle Tom's Cabin with Mandingo. The story of Shawn Taylor, a plantation owner's son, and his love for his personal house slave, Jay, has potential, but in the hands of Larry Parr, the reader is forced to cut his way through a series of weary clichés about darkies in the cold, cold ground.

The idea of reading historical novels with Gay characters sounds exciting. We enjoy hearing 29th century thoughts placed in the minds of people from another age.

Springwood enters instant obscurity.

The temptation to wreak havoc with ages past is almost overwhelming. Unfortunately some writers seem to feel that little or no background research is necessary. All you need do is stir up a potboiler with loads of sex, blood, and melodrama. The details of former eras are no longer required. The story is one that can be picked up and dropped into any historical period. A more solid plot is one where the reader learns as much about the time as well as the characters. We are provided with a detailed information about events and customs of the time and how the elements shaped the people.

Unfortunately, Springwood cannot qualify for such a distinction. Little research has been performed by the author. A novel about homosexual relations between whites and blacks in the years preceding the Civil War is needed. But this one will add nothing to our understanding.

Shawn, Springwood's hero who is in his late teens, spots Jay at a slave auction in New Orleans and persuades his father to buy him for their plantation in Alabama. Naturally they fall in love and the juices do flow. Shawn "enters

terminates the happiness of Shawn and Jay.

As we sail through these pages of torrid passion, one feels that Parr should pitch his epic in the direction of satire. Then his literary sins could be forgiven. Otherwise the soapy plot drowns out any chance of promise.

Gay historians will quiver with joy when Springwood enters instant obscurity. Mr. Parr possesses a talent for



"Sometimes you have to beat down the truth and hide what's beautiful just to survive."

him roughly" as the author so delicately informs us.

In order to cover his erotic tracks Shawn is forced to marry the bitchy daughter of the neighboring plantation owner. Both friends and foes alike become suspicious as Shawn and Jay become increasingly fond of each other. Shawn is always haunted by the spectre of a Gay man who was hung in a public square for his passion.

Naturally all ends badly when the big secret is uncovered and a bloody climax

writing, but he will need more dedication to his craft if he is to continue. A course in historical research will provide a good beginning. After all, *Gone With The Wind* wasn't built in a day.

Frank J. Howell

On Stage

A historical first in the San Francisco Bay Area theatre community will take place on Saturday, January 9, at 8:30pm when The Berkeley Jewish Theatre will open its doors to the public with "Four Jewish One-Act Plays" in English. The plays will run for five weeks on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings at 8:30pm and Sunday matinee at 2:30pm through February 7 at the Berkeley Jewish Center, 1414 Walnut Street in Berkeley where the company is currently in residence. 848-0237.

★ ★ ★
The Gay guardian of a stage and screen star is the story told in *The Guardian*. Along with *Imitations*, it plays January 14 until Valentine's Day at The Bare Stage Theatre, 2320 Dana Street in Berkeley.

Gay Catholic Priests: A Study of Cognitive and Affective Dissonance

By Richard Wagner

Specific Press

1523 Franklin Street, San Francisco, CA 94109

\$10.95 (\$1.96 postage) - 100 pages

"Church leaders stress that the only way sexuality can be valuable and responsible is if it is open to procreation. The gay community sees sexuality in broader terms, that is, the value of sexuality is in the loving."

— A Gay Priest

Several years ago at a service of the Metropolitan Community Church a young Catholic priest assisted at the communion service. He was handsome and personable. He used only his first name and unfortunately we never saw him again. For his plight was unique. This man indeed stood trapped between two demanding worlds. There was no humane solution in sight.

The dilemma of the celibate spiritual advisor has seldom been tackled in any literary or documentary form. Patricia Warren shed some light on the matter in *The Fancy Dancer* (a twenty-eight year old priest is attracted to a young Indian). Certainly Kathryn Hume's *A Nun's Story* was never like this.

seminary, I was somewhat chagrined."

Some of the subjects felt the priesthood enhanced their sexuality and others believed they were seriously restricted. Most of them resented the heavy hand of Rome. Yet they felt loyal to both the church and the Gay community.

The fifty priests reported being actively Gay in the following way:

Political - 62%, Religious - 80%, Social - 78%.

Regarding the religious vocation generally one of the men remarked, "It seems that the priesthood demands everything from a man and at the same time offers little in the way of support."

Church fathers want to suppress this study which shows that all is not placid behind church walls.

Richard Wagner, a member of the Catholic clergy, has displayed a certain amount of guts in confronting the Holy Fathers of Rome with a touchy subject that is usually left unexamined.

This study is actually a Ph.D. thesis in which the sexuality of fifty priests from across the country is examined. The Institute for Advanced Study of Sexuality is where Wagner has pursued his degree. Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, formerly of the famed Kinsey Institute, was a member of the faculty group approving the study.

The priests explored by Wagner are no strangers to the ways of the world. Most of them have sexual outlets of various sorts and twenty-five percent of them have lovers. They reject the official position of the Catholic Church on homosexuality and they waste no time on guilt trips. We can only speculate as to the status of Gay seminarians who declined to come forward.

The men interviewed also reject the notion of celibacy. Some feel a lower relationship should be sexually open and others want a monogamous situation.

Not all is placid behind the church walls as one priest explains, "I didn't have sex in seminary — only during vacations with nonseminarians. When I later learned how much was going on in the

Efforts have been made by the church fathers to suppress this study and to keep it from the eyes of the media. As always the conventional wisdom of the "one true church" wants us to believe that images of cheap plaster saints still carry the day. A time of challenge and ultimate debate looms before the end of this century. The conflict should be stimulating for observers and hellish for the village priest.

Frank J. Howell

"Gay Cancer" on Radio

The Gay Life on KFSN, 95 FM, will look at the recent unexplained outbreaks of rare forms of cancer and pneumonia among Gay men on Sunday, January 10, at 11pm. Guests on the show will include Bobbi Campbell, R.N., who has the cancer, and Dr. Marcus A. Conant, M.D., the dermatologist who is coordinating San Francisco's task force on the diseases.

The cancer is Kaposi's Sarcoma, or KS. The pneumonia is *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, or PCP. In August, 1981, the national Center for Disease Control reported that of 108 new cases of KS, PCP, or both, 43 were fatal. Of the 108 cases, 96 were homosexual men.

Campbell is a nurse at Ralph K. Davies Medical Center. He is studying at the University of California at San Francisco for a master's degree in nursing. Conant is on the dermatology faculty at UCSF and heads the joint UCSF-City Health Department Task Force on KS and PCP.

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SPORTS SECTION

ON THE MARK

Slo-Pitch Softball in the '82 Olympics

(Fifth in a series on The '82 Gay Olympic Games)

MARK BROWN

Slo-pitch softball has been a popular sport in San Francisco's Park and Recreation program for many years. The Community Softball League formed ten years ago bringing the sport into our Gay community. The first Gay Softball World Series originated in our city in 1977 and in 1978 the Gay Softball League came into existence.

Slo-pitch softball has also become a popular sport in Gay communities throughout the United States and Canada with eleven cities having organized leagues this past year. These leagues are part of an organization called N.A.G.A.A.A. and take part in the Gay World Series.

There are many cities that have both men and women teams, but do not have organized Gay leagues, which is a requirement to belong to the N.A.G.A.A.A. organization. Because of this, slo-pitch softball has been added as a sport in the Gay Olympic Games and with the interest already generated, will be a most welcome addition to the Olympiad.

Official slo-pitch softball rules as adopted by the Amateur Softball Association of America 1981-82 will be the format for the games. Each city will be represented by one male and one female team consisting of at least fifteen players and not more than twenty players per team.

Competition will be a round robin type tournament broken down into division play. The number of divisions (maximum of four) and the number of teams in each division will be determined by the number of entries and will be picked by a draw of the softball committee in advance of the games. The division play will determine the four finalists as set forth in the Olympic rules, who will then participate in a round robin play-off to determine the Bronze, Silver and Gold medalists.

Play for the slo-pitch softball competition will be from Sunday, August 29, through Friday, September 3, at Lang Field. There will be Pre-Olympic trials to select San Francisco's teams. Yours truly is chairman of this sport.

For further information on slo-pitch softball, please call the Gay Olympic Games Headquarters at (415) 861-8282, or drop in at our office at 597 Castro (at 19th).

TGWNBL

Homage to the Stars

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

Due to the holidays, there are no new team positions to report. Nevertheless, there are many note-worthy achievements in this grand alliance, known officially as the Tavern Guild Wednesday Night Bowling League (TGWNBL), that still warrant recognition.

As a starter, since week 3 of this season, Wally Dennis of the spirited Pendulum team has held the record for high-handicap series with an admirable 741. (Your teammates must be very proud of you, Wally.)

Now that we are underway, here is a bit more extensive listing of a different type of achievement... possibly the most important and most difficult accomplishment that a bowler can realize during a season: improving one's average.

Due to necessary limitations, the listing includes only those bowlers who have improved their entering-average by 10 points or more. (As fate would have it, there are 22 names, the same number as there are teams. However, regretfully, this coincidence does not indicate that each team has a representative member listed.)

(Thru 11th Week)		E.A.	AVG.	IMPRVD.
Steve Gouras	(5 Easy Pieces)	149	172	23
James McKenna	(Daddy's Boys)	121	143	22
Wally Dennis	(Pendulum)	140	158	18
Richard Meixner	(Deluxe)	116	133	17
Al Gaudet	(Badlands)	131	147	16
Allan Winkle	(Park Bowl)	149	164	15
Bruce McQuaker	(Cellar Boys)	148	162	15
German Arias	(Arena)	143	158	15
Jim Diaz	(Cellar Boys)	138	153	15
Neil Haughn	(The Bowling Balls)	134	149	15
Pat Moore	(Wooden Horse)	148	162	14
Del Oplinger	(The Bowling Balls)	125	139	14
Alan Brown	(Temptations)	117	131	14
Lowell Hills	(5 Easy Pieces)	168	181	13
Martin Blackfield	(Spectacles)	111	124	13
Carol Ellison	(Tits and Ass)	104	117	13
Rick Sommers	(Temptations)	110	122	12
Ronald K. McKay	(White Swallow)	171	182	11
Tom Waddell	(On The Mark)	171	182	11
John Rogowski	(Park Bowl)	159	170	11
Dennis McLain	(5 Easy Pieces)	172	182	10
Bob Bowen	(Grady's)	127	137	10

Of the 16 teams listed above, 5 of them contain 11 of the most-improved bowlers. To elaborate a little further, the #1 and #2 teams (Park Bowl and 5 Easy Pieces) contain 5 of the most-improved bowlers.

Furthermore, if you add the total pins improved, as I am sure you already have done, then divide this total (317) by 22, the average number of pins improved turns out to be 14.4. Even without double vision, those figures look pretty impressive. In fact, it would probably not be inappropriate to honor these conspicuous achievers with a tip-of-the-ole-hat the next time you see them at Park Bowl. Or, if you happen not to be wearing a hat, most likely a simple genuflect will suffice.

By the way, not only is the preceding information intended to serve as well-deserved recognition for exceptional effort, it can also serve as a point of orientation for those of you who may have wandered afar during the holidays and possibly now need some firm base upon which to re-establish your renewed determination to excel.

Finally, for those of you who have been wondering (and who hasn't) about the significance of the team-name Cellar Boys, I talked with one of the team-members the other night and he enlightened me regarding the subject.

It seems that they ended one of the past seasons in last place, and therein lies the origin of the name: one of them has a wine cellar, and that is where they spent a lot of time trying to forget... thus, The Cellar Boys. (Was '81 a good year? Hic-up!)

UPDATE '82 OLYMPICS

TOM WADDELL, M.D.



GAY OLYMPICS HEADQUARTERS
597 Castro Street • 861-8282

Home-O-Philia

On or about August 25 of this year, 4000 athletes will descend upon our community and expect to stay in a private home for approximately ten days during the Gay Olympic Games.

Logistically that sounds like a nightmare, but we have not begun to despair, nor do we intend to, because at this very early date we already have commitments for 425 visitors from a very limited outreach.

Housing Committee Chairman Dr. Derrill Loberg and Computer Services Director Robert Hawk are matching hosts and athletes so we can achieve the greatest compatibility possible.

For example: one patron has requested a male wrestler, preferably from Eastern Europe; another wants a female boxer from Florida; still another has room for two and wants an English female and a Finnish male. How about this: "at least one male, preferably from Italy," or "two definitely, four possibly, and five, if desperate." Someone came into the office and offered a space for "a cute boy between 18-21, maybe even a little older!" An offer from a woman on the phone: "I'll take any women's swimming team!" Someone else wants "one or two Aussies."

Keep the requests coming in. We'll do our best to match them.

No matter how you look at it, it will be a festival atmosphere. I can imagine a photo-essay being published just dealing with the humorous and poignant stories about the myriad of match-ups. Don't miss out!

Other good news: Angel Rodriguez, a professional boxer and contender for a title, will chair the Women's Boxing event; Arthur Lazere, a prominent member of the Gay business community, will become our C.P.A.; Robert Frederickson, a physician from Marin County, will join our local fundraising efforts and write grant proposals. The Gay Sports organizations in Washington (D.C.), Houston, Detroit and Minneapolis will contribute 10% of their fundraising to our committee (we hope all cities will follow suit); and finally, Snakeover, Arkansas, has its first competitor in the person of Jerry Chism, who will compete in the 10,000 meters.

To demonstrate that I'm not a Pollyanna, I want to include the following letter as a reminder that we still have to capture the heats of dissidents:

"Dear Friends,

I cannot support your olympic games for one reason: I do not support homosexuality. Is love ever satisfied with less than best? God is love. Pray to Him and He will help you. He is against homosexuality but he loves homosexuals just as he loves everyone and wants to help them. Pray to God.

Love, C"

Meanwhile, back on the positive side of things, the Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band is going to do a concert at Albion Hall in support of the Games. This group (remember them at the Hotel Utah?) is not a dixieland band, but play great, old-fashioned ragtime. They will perform from 3 to 5pm on Sunday, January 24. Watch for further announcements. And speaking of ragtime, the band will be playing in the space where James Cagney once performed when he was a hooper, back in the 20's when Albion Hall was briefly a speakeasy. Come and feel that period being recreated.

Our Information Package and registration blanks in each sport are at the printers. Stop in for your copy anytime after January 15.

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SPORTS CALENDAR

January 7 - 14

LES BALMAIN

7 Thurs	7:00pm	GSL World Series Meeting Sutter's Mill, 3rd Floor
9 Sat	9:30 am	G.C. Bridge Tournament The Mint
	10:00 am	FrontRunners - Fun Run Stow Lake Boat House Golden Gate Park
10 Sun	10:00 am	FrontRunners - Sunday Run Embarcadero South - Meet at Villancourt Fountain, foot of Market Street at Embarcadero
	11:00 am	Gay Olympic Track & Field McAteer High School Track
	6:15 pm	S.F. Women's Business Bowling League, Park Bowl
11 Mon	8:30 pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl
12 Tues	6:00 pm	Gay Olympic Basketball Practice - Kezar Pavilion
	7:00 pm	FrontRunners - Fun Run Toll Plaza - Golden Gate Bridge
	7:30 pm	Gay Olympic Steering Committee, 597 Castro
	8:00 pm	Gay Olympic Flag Corps Kezar Pavilion
13 Wed	8:30 pm	Tavern Guild Bowling League Park Bowl
14 Thurs	6:00 pm	Gay Olympic Volleyball Practice - Kezar Pavilion

Gay Olympic Flag Corps

by Mal Garcia

The first meeting of the flag corps was held on Saturday, November 14. Forty men and women showed up of which ten were new signees. The corps has a membership of 100 and still hopes to reach its goal of 300 members. Unfortunately, the first turnout was small because several members were out of town or had to work. Everyone who did attend enjoyed themselves and are looking forward to the next meeting. Marching and timing was stressed at this first practice session.

What is the corps' objective? To be the best marching unit at the parade in June and to put on a show of color, marching and dancing at the opening ceremonies of the Gay Olympic Games.

The corps will be using 36 inch pole flags (arm flags) and Chinese streamers to put on their colorful show.

Several members who have joined the corps have a background with various marching units, bands and drum and bugle corps. However, this experience should not deter anyone from joining as most members have no experience but are eager to learn. The experience of those who have a marching background will only help those who have no experience as was witnessed by those who attended the first meeting of the corps.



Some of the 100 members of the Olympic Flag Corps at their first rehearsal. Will their ranks swell to 300? (Photo by Rink)

The corps is fortunate to have an excellent choreographer to teach dance, a former instructor of the guards and also a former member of a drum and bugle corps to teach marching and flag twirling. If there is anyone who wishes to get involved in instructing the corps we can use your help. Please contact the Gay Olympic Games office at 861-8282 and leave a message for Mal Garcia, manager of the corps, to contact you.

As expressed earlier, the corps still needs more members and the next meeting will be held on Tuesday, January 12, 1982, at Kezar Pavilion, Stanyan and Waller Streets. Anyone interested in joining be at Kezar between 7:30 and 8:00pm for joining as practice will start at 8:00pm. There is ample parking next to the pavilion and you enter the hall from the parking lot side of the building. You must wear sneakers (no leather-soled shoes) as the pavilion is a basketball arena.

Don't hesitate! Come and join in on the fun and meet new friends. Remember, experience is not necessary. Also, you women out there — we need you!

CORNER POCKET

The Year of the Stallion

GENE MILLER

The San Francisco Pool Association's fall season came to a close Wednesday, December 16, as Colin Bradley played a delicate masse shot to sink the 8-ball and give his team the 9th and deciding win over Rainbow "A." An hour earlier neither team had been able to gain more than a 1-game lead and the match was even at 4-4, but the remainder of the evening was to belong to the Stallion, overcoming a feisty Rainbow team down the stretch and allowing only a single Rainbow win in the last 7 games.

It was heads-up pool all night with strategy-laden games just as in matches 1 and 2, but the strength of the Stallion was too much for the gang from Duboce and Valencia. The Stallion also benefited from a well-placed lucky break in game #10, as Don Henderson made his 8-ball, but the cue ball lazily rolled to the opposite corner and took a strange turn into the pocket for Tom Sherck's victory and a 6-4 score. Four games later team captain Bradley was putting a neat bend on the cue ball to pocket the 8 and send the Stallion to Los Angeles.

Rainbow "A" was unquestionably the underdog, ranked 6th with a 108-68 record, and it would have been a stunning upset had they outshot the top ranked Stallion, who steamrolled through Division 3, compiling a muscular 138-38 record without losing a match. Yet, upset them they did, just one night prior to the final match. The 3-match contest began December 8 at the Stallion, a disappointing performance with nobody in noticeably good form; the only moment worth remembering was Maria Aguilar's match-ending 8-ball shot in game #12... a long, "backwards" end-rail bank to the corner giving the Stallion a 9-3 win without showing any of its real strength. But match #2, at the Rainbow December 15, was a different story altogether. Rainbow took off to a 4-1 lead and clearly had momentum, but the Stallion finally caught them in game 14, as Wally Sutherland beat Jerry Peloquin to tie the match. Maria then beat her old team-mate, Don Henderson, to cinch the tie for the Stallion, but moments later Dan Schindler prevailed over Gordon Bell, sending the match into a 7-game tiebreaker. The Stallion opened up a 2-0 lead but the Rainbow stayed tough, and four games later they were locked up at 3-3. As one might expect, it was a biased crowd, rooting for their friends, the underdogs, who were delivering miracles. It was unbelievable — the Stallion, with four players in the top 7, was up against a team whose best player was ranked 13th, yet here they were — tied after 22 games. And now they needed one more miracle: Jerry Peloquin, ranked #39, had to defeat the league's top trophy winner, Colin Bradley. Jerry responded to the challenge and played one of his best games ever, including a clutch kick shot to the side pocket. After 3 turns each, Colin had four balls to go and it looked like an "easy-out," but he inexplicably allowed the cue ball to follow his first ball into the pocket. It gave Jerry a setup on his final ball, which he not only pocketed but also got perfect position for the 8-ball; both shots were difficult but Jerry played them perfectly, giving the Rainbow a 12-11 victory in the season's longest match and handing the Stallion its first defeat.

22 hours later it would be Jerry and Colin again only it would be Colin's turn as Hero.

STALLION - FALL 1981

Wally Sutherland	36/ 6	Gordon Bell	36/ 7	Maria Aguilar	17/14
Tom Sherck	21/ 4	Colin Bradley	26/ 6	Gino Smith	2/ 1

There had been talk all season long about Division 3, referring to them as the "weakest division," but all the air went out of that argument in the playoffs: every player going to the Tri-City in January is from Division 3. Frank Moskel of the Arena "B" won the All-Star, collecting the Top Individual trophy, and he'll join Simon Smith of Febe's, plus Colin and Wally from the Stallion as competitors in the singles bracket. What happened to Gordon Bell? Well, he might have made the elite four as well at the All-Star, but midway through the tournament he had to drop out and go to work. (Gordon was rated #1 for the first 8 weeks of the season, finally finishing 2 wins behind Ray Peterson.) One final honor to Division 3... and the Stallion... Tom Sherck was awarded the "Most Improved" trophy after raising his winning percentage from .516 to .840...!!

So away they go, January 15th, for a weekend in pursuit of Tri-City trophies. May the Pool God give "our bunch" the good rolls. It would be nice to see the team trophy stay in the City for a 5th straight season. And it's been 3 seasons since an SF player brought home the singles trophy... Colin it was, July 1980.

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SOUTHERN SCANDALS

Starting All Over Again

MR. MARCUS

It would take more space than I'm allowed to describe the antics of everyone around town on New Year's Eve. Everywhere on the circuit, each bar, disco and bath house was jammed to capacity. The SF Fire Dept. made a rude entrance at the Galleria and demanded a limitation on the number of gyrating bodies while the Three Degrees failed to show up at Trocadero Transfer throwing another few hundred men into a state of frustration. Quite a few people were left standing in line outside various bars at the stroke of midnight so they all kissed and hugged each other, friends and strangers alike. The next morning, the SF Eagle, the End-Up, Castro Station and the Balcony all responded to the crush of all-nighters who continued the party until they dropped with exhaustion. Two enterprising men showed up at the Balcony as a pair of Schnapps bottles (Cinnamon and Peppermint) including space-like apparatus on their heads (later explained to be pourers). Champagne flowed everywhere and even J. Mike Smith slipped out of his Haight St. digs to soak up a few barrels of suds. Nineteen eighty-two flew into Our Town on the wings of a snow white dove, and once again got a resounding welcome from the uproarious Gay community with a splashy show from the dear hearts, thrill-seekers and lovers, Randy Ellis and Rusty Davis celebrated their 13th year of wedded bliss, considered to be quite a record in this town where the slogan "So many men, so little time" has taken a terrible toll on the marriages that were made in Dubuque, Dayton, and Tampa, to name a few, and end in a short time after arriving here together. Everyone has an optimistic viewpoint for 1982 in San Francisco. Some fifty-one weeks stretch ahead of us all and life in both the fast and slow lanes pushes forward. Hopefully, everyone's hopes and dreams will be fulfilled in this greatest of cities. You can make it happen. Try a little.

★ ★ ★

Once again, it's time to give credit where credit is due, and I say this in all earnestness. Randy Johnson has been roaming around this town for some 10 years now, 99% of which has been giving of himself for all the various charities; for all the various peoples in need; for all the political candidates who needed his support; for all those down and out and in need of comfort and solace. Randy Johnson is in need now. A bit of misfortune, coupled with a crippling malady and the

lapse of his medical insurance has become a deterring force in the life of a man who has helped and rallied whenever he is called upon. Therefore, I hope you can all attend a fund-raising auction tonight, Thursday, at the Watering Hole for Randy. He is in dire need of financial aid for medical bills and other day-to-day needs. I hope to see all of you there to help out a man who has always helped others.

★ ★ ★

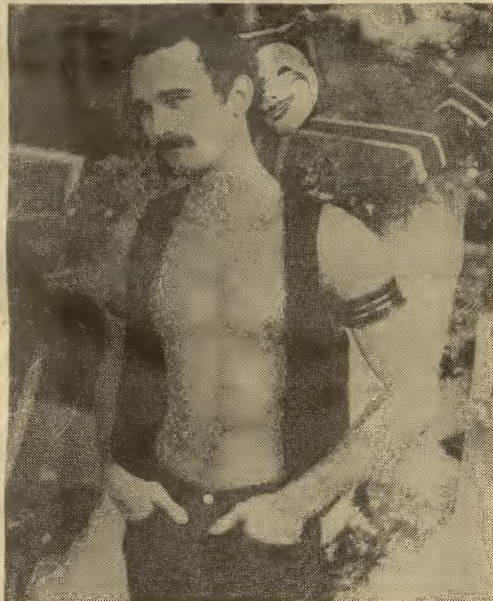
To help you get through the January blues, another big disco party is planned at the new Moscone Convention Center next Saturday, Jan. 16. The big extravaganza has been described as a lavish, Broadway/Las Vegas spectacular with four super sound systems, thousands of lighting gimmicks, smoke machines, 35-foot Spruce trees, at least 20 searchlights outside and a show to rival anything ever seen in this town. DJ's Craig Morey and Michael Lewis of the Trocadero Transfer will fill the entire complex with sounds that will blow your socks off. In effect, they are re-doing the entire building. It's called FIRST ENCOUNTER and begins at 9:30pm with dancing till Dawn and a reasonably-priced cash bar. Dick Collier and John Vukas are the creative directors with a staff of experts, consultants and designers too numerous to mention here. A sell-out crowd is expected for the first big party at the new complex and the first of the year. It sounds like someplace you ought to be. People from New York, Houston, Los Angeles and Atlanta are enroute already. Tell a friend.

★ ★ ★

TRUTH & TRIVIA DEPT.

The blonde bombshell of the Balcony, Linda Symonds celebrated her 27th birthday last Sunday with a horde of well-wishers converging on the newly latin-ized BURTON'S for a lushy brunch and a suicide run of Kamikaze cocktails at the Balcony for the rest of the day. Elvira Wells hoisted a huge blue T-shirt complete with mammoth boobs outside the place her-

alding the event . . . Winners of Moby Dick's long-running photo contest will be on display at that bar until Feb. 10 featuring the prize-winning photography of Messrs. Towle, Lamm, Grant, Hicks, Caldwell, Bonini and Wilkinson and Mr. David. This important show should take priority on your list of things to do in January . . . The 49'ers have bowed to no one thus far in their bid for a berth in the Super Bowl and quite a few jock enthusiasts were glued to their TV sets last Sunday including Bob Parham, Bruce Streetman and assorted non-bitchy guests . . . The N'Touch Bar on Polk has been sold but the new owners are publicity shy: Luscious Lorelei (Paul Bentley) ends a long and distinguished career in the bar business and has embarked on a video products career right there on 9th & Folsom, just a few short steps from his former RAM-ROD success . . . Rod Rod-erick's parties over the holiday weekend were classified "hot" but apparently the invitations were for a "select" few who finally realized they were getting a preview of the 1st Encounters party later on this month . . . Spotted at the CALDRON the other night: those new SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sport shirts, only this one had the word "WATER" above the original logo . . . Next slave auction at the BULLDOG BATHS is next Wed., Jan. 13 . . . Overheard through the locked door of a room at the SLOT the other night: "You better not try that on me until I want it!" . . . That hunky Mike Finley who always places 2d or 3d in macho contests was in town from LAX for the holidays and believes he is about to make the move here at last . . . Some 900 laws enacted by our legislature went into effect on January 1, among them one that says a glass of milk served in a restaurant must be at least 8 oz., unless served to a child; and if you're arrested for no more than four traffic warrants, you cannot be booked, photographed and finger-printed if you post bail and the cops have to give you 50 cents in phone change! . . . And it's not at all true that Ms. Gina Morandi got decked by a recalcitrant lingerer at closing time New Year's Eve at Castro Station: Gina merely got in the way when the dude vociferously displayed opposition to his ouster and didn't even hit the floor in the scuffle . . . Also not true, the rumor that I flashed at Stephanie of the



Will the butch crowd pick up the disco-fied leather arm bands whose silvery center bands match hanky color codes? Or is this one more fad whose time passes quickly? (Photo by Rink)

Balcony — how rude! . . . If you feel like you're hot enough to be a cover man for BLUE BOY, call Jim McGaslin at 285-6342 who is looking for a model as soon as possible.

★ ★ ★

In last week's issue of B.A.R. (Dec. 30), it was erroneously stated that David Hirst passed away in 1981. David Hirst is alive and well and pursuing his college career after a long and successful stint as a bartender at the leathery BRIG on Folsom. The name should have read David ERNST. Apologies are extended to all who were involved in the mix-up.

Next week, the forecast for '82 with a list of up-coming events in and around Our City. Don't let your meat loaf. See you around the campus.

SIC TRANSIT, GLORIA

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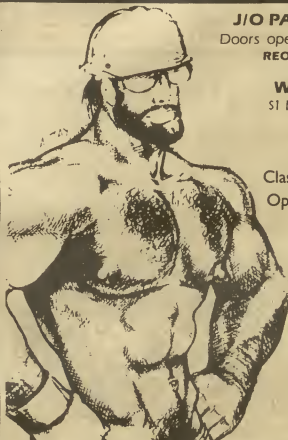
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Be There!

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SWEETLIPS SEZ Just Around the Corner

DICK WALTERS



Women On The Loose . . . or loose women . . . or loosely women, New Year's Eve in the Castro. (Photo by Rink)

There are three great contenders for Empress de San Francisco this year . . . in alphabetical order: Brett, Connie and Mae. All three are well known and hard workers in our community, so decide and help the individual that you would like to see elected.

Tonight, Thursday the 7th, there is an auction at the Watering Hole for the one and only Randy Johnson who is very ill and unemployed . . . this man has done a lot for the community and has helped a lot of people, so

do come out for this auction . . . Gangway Suzie will be the main host, so drop by the Watering Hole from 8pm on.

Jim (Robbie) Robinson aka Helen Trent has now located the Viking hair styling salon at 380 Sanchez Street . . . 626-3102 for appointment. The Viking used to be next door to Burton's which now has been taken over by the Line-Up and will open as a Mexican restaurant.

If Harry doesn't watch out, we may have a new Urban's Mill on our hands, or will it be Sutter's Country????

If the rest of '82 is as pleasant as New Year's Eve was for me it should be great . . . what with having dinner with Bob Patterson (Bracco Dist. of Budweiser beer) and Joe Urban and his Paul of Castro Street Flowers at the very delightful Fickle Fox (where Leon holds forth as a very congenial host and with Henry as our waiter) we had the finest prime rib that I have had in this city . . . then on to Sutter's Mill which was all western with a fabulous western band . . . then snuck off with Bob to Fe-Be's to the delight of John and Don and the great crowd and then over for midnight celebrating at the very popular Eagle. We had to go outside to the patio as it was mobbed, but we still had a great New Year's Eve celebration there. Thence to the New Yacht Club for a drink and the White Swallow to see my roommate, Gary, and to wish Jack and Mike Dooley a Happy New Year. Just know that '82 is going to be a fun and prosperous one . . . right, Bill Wright? . . . western is in this year.

Go, '49'ers!

Thank you, Roger Hall, for the delightful evening at Barnum, a really great musical that one should not miss.

Yes, the Video Mart on 9th Street does have Mommie Dearest on tape . . . no, the real version! Not Luscious Lorelei's version made years ago at Crista's Ball. Great buys in R.C.A. TV's at the Video Mart also . . . call

621-7772.

If you have any cash donations for Randy Johnson and can't get to the auction, leave them off with Suzie at the Gangway, 841 Larkin Street, and you know that they will get to Randy . . . or come on by and see me at the Hob Nob and I'll see to it that they get to Suzie or to Randy.

Lots of new things are going to be happening this year, and I will endeavor to keep you informed . . . like the Coronation on the 6th of February and the Cable Car

Awards on the 7th of February . . . thanks for the invite at your table, Joe Urban.

Remember that love is just around the corner.

Happy belated birthday greetings to "Mame" of Portland . . . hope you had a blast!

Remember that Tavern Guild memberships are now due . . . and the next meeting is Tuesday, January 12, at 1pm at The Pines, corner of Pine and Jones. So plan on attending and joining Tavern Guild in '82.



His bus may be from Los Angeles, but this happy driver seems right at home as New Year's Eve revelers greet him at 18th and Castro. (Photo by Rink)

Campus Controversies

The University of Arkansas at Little Rock has come under fire again from State Representative Jerry King in Greenwood. Last spring King (an Assembly of God minister) strongly opposed a course on homosexuality and the Bible which was offered through the Open University program at UALR. King tried unsuccessfully at that time to withhold UALR's budget in the last days of the legislative session when it became known that Rev. Jeff Bishop would teach the course on homosexuality and the Bible. The Arkansas ACLU, Pulaski County NOW, Arkansas Gay Rights, Inc. and the Metropolitan Community Church of Little Rock released a statement in November condemning King's attack as censorship and a violation of the principle of separation of

church and state. "Concerning King's position as a minister and a state legislator, perhaps he could best serve the people of Arkansas by resigning his legislative post," decreed the statement.

King got on his high horse again when it was announced that Little Rock attorney Paul Gordon would teach a course entitled "American Gay History." In an effort to avoid controversy, UALR Student Government Association President Walter Kilmer said the sponsors moved the class meetings off the campus to the Unitarian Church. "If we did not offer the course it would really be in violation of one of our basic principles of Open University, which is to provide an opportunity for teaching and learning experiences that are not found in the traditional college curriculum," stated Kilmer. The

Gaze reports that attorney Gordon's course will use "Gay American History" by Jonathan Katz as one of its textbooks.

An October 31 editorial in the Arkansas Democrat stated, "The word Gay is a mask for a dead-end psychological and social disaster centered on an abnormal sex practice that clamors without success for social and legal acceptance." The editorial blasted the idea of a Gay history course as opposed to calling the course "Fag or Queer or Pervert or Homo or any of a half dozen other denigrative terms for the homosexual," claiming that the course idea was one-sided. While admitting that a course in Gay history might be legally permissible, Rep. King stated, "The constitutional question probably would be whether we can project in a classroom historically the significance of this perversion."

SCIENCE-FICTION

(Continued from Page 19)

interest to Gays and Lesbians.

Howard Fast, *Time and the Riddle: 31 Zen Stories* (Houghton Mifflin), \$8.95. If you are only familiar with Fast's historicals, this will be quite a treat.

Richard A. Lupoff (as Editor), *What If?* (Pocket), \$2.50. There are two volumes with this same name; I recommend them both. These are the editor's choices as stories that should have won the top awards of their year and didn't.

Elizabeth A. Lynn, *The Northern Girl* (Berkeley), \$2.50. Feminist/Lesbian adventure fantasy, highly recommended. *The Sardonix Net* (Putnam), \$14.95 HC. Set in the same universe as *A Different Light*, a literate "space opera" type adventure story. *The Woman Who*

Loved the Moon and other stories (Berkeley), \$2.25. First collection by an "up and comer." The title story won the World Fantasy award in 1980. Gay, Lesbian and Feminist content. Highly recommended.

Vonda M. McIntyre, *Fire-flood and other stories* (Pocket), \$2.75.

H. Beam Piper, *Paratime* (Ace), \$2.75.

Frank M. Robinson, *A Life in the Day of . . .* (Bantam), \$2.95.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson, *Tornoe Gozon* (Ace), \$2.50. Feminist/Lesbian fantasy adventure.

Hilbert Schenck, *At the Eye of the Ocean* (Pocket), \$2.50.

Stuart David Schiff (as Editor), *Whispers III* (Doubleday), \$9.95 HC.

Thomas N. Scortia, *The Best of Thomas N. Scortia* (Doubleday), \$11.95. Gay and Lesbian content.

John Sladek, *The Best of John Sladek* (Pocket), \$2.50. Very fine black humor.

Robert Stallman, *The Orphan* (Pocket), \$2.50. *The Captive* (Pocket), \$2.50. *The Orphan* is the first book of an excellent trilogy of which *The Captive* is the second. The third book is due out in 1982. Highly recommended.

Walter Tevis, *Mockingbird* (Bantam), \$2.95.

Ian Watson, *Deathhunter* (Gollancz), \$15.00 HC.

F. Paul Wilson, *The Keep* (Morrow), \$12.95 HC.

THE DOG OF THE YEAR AWARD:

Alfred Bester, *The Deceivers* (Wallaby), \$6.95. Violently racist, anti-Gay, anti-feminist — all in all a major disappointment from a writer who should be able to do better than this while asleep.

Jerry Jacks

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PORN CORNER

Obscene? Or Merely Boring?

Dade County, Florida, is once again plunking itself into the Gay news. Dade County was not only the home of Anita Bryant, but of notorious obscenity trials. When *Debby Does Dallas* and *Deep Throat* were tried there, they were acquitted. This enraged the good people of Dade County so that in subsequent retrials the two features earned six different obscenity convictions. This set a precedent, and a repressive government now prefers to run obscenity trials within Dade County where they are assured, it would seem, of conviction.

"Obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy."

That is why the FBI seized two mail order films in Florida instead of one of the many other states the films had been mailed to. The two films are Gay porno, but even worse in the prosecutor's eyes is that the films are interracial. The government in instituting obscenity charges against the films called them "obscene, lewd, lascivious and filthy." They sort of stack the deck, using that sort of phraseology, but it's just possible the opposition may receive their comeuppance.

Now I have to explain the laws. Since I don't speak legalese, this may lose something in translation, but hold on.

To be labeled obscene, a product must be proven to appeal to prurient interests. But these interests must be of the group to whom the product is aimed. In other words (the Supreme Court has said), it ain't kosher for a bunch of Straight people to

tell Gays what appeals — or doesn't appeal — to a Gay person.

So the defense for these two little films — which, incidentally, are ineptly made and rather boring — is trundling them around the country, showing them to Gay people everywhere, and collecting their opinions.

I had my opinion solicited last week, along with dozens of local experts, authors, porn fans, and a large contingent of the Black and White Men Together group, when the films were screened at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality. Enconced on carpeted tiers of platforming absolutely swamped with oversize pillows we awaited, with rather festive air, the screening of these "lascivious and filthy" films.

Worse than the films' depiction of Gay sex, in the government's eyes, is that the sex is interracial.

The group was made uncomfortable by the lack of soundtracks for the films, and added their own. These slurpings, silly remarks and farting noises elicited great — and childish — laughter. A lot of the audience probably wasn't used to seeing sex films with a large group of people, and a period of adjustment ensued. Once past, it was easier to judge the films on their own merits, and not on the crowd's reaction.

The white boy in the first film was described by a man near me as "mangy." He had a sore on his lip that was unappetizing, but was basically attractive and had a handsome cock. He welcomed a Black delivery boy to his

house, and seconds later the audience gasped the old cliché, "It's true, it's true," when this man's cock was revealed. The film carefully set up the fact that it was, indeed, Big, and then we saw it (or didn't see it) buried deeply in the white boy's ass. For a finale, the boy jacked-off into the fucker's face.

This part, in which he pushes his cock across his friend's face, slapping him with it, outraged the FBI, we were told. They felt this was sado-masochistic. Further proof that straight boys truly suffer cock-paranoia, and have a lot to learn about their own tools.

In the second movie a scrawny businessman is visited by telephone installation men. One was the same Black stud of the first film, the

hundreds of other films. I doubt the prosecution could find any Gay person whose prurient interests would be inflamed by these hang-dog attempts at arousal. "Prurient interest" involves, by legal definition, shame. The only people ashamed of these bungled movies should be the filmmakers and the poor suckers who have bought them. I can't see anybody else really caring much, and the FBI should drop this lead balloon before they waste any more time and money on the case. A better use of their time would be educational courses on Gay lifestyles. If these guys are afraid to see a cock on the screen, how can they possibly relate to Gays in real life?

They should be shown *Male Pleasuring*, an unusual video-film made by the Institute which portrays male sexual relationships in an environment quite removed from porno. It's an introduction to the fact that sex can be used for bonding and love between males and demonstrates the ways men relate sexually. But more on this unusual film in the future. ■

EVENTS

The relationship of Gay themes and influences will be an integral part of "The Persistence of Fantasy," a slide/lecture show tracing the role of fantasy and the fantastic in the development of San Francisco since the Gold Rush. This fantasy has been especially manifest in the city's visual ornamentation and in its architecture. The program will be presented by Gray Brechin, an architectural historian, at the Meeting Hall at 1668 Bush on January 10 at 4pm.

★ ★ ★

Doug Lindsay, a painter from Hawaii, has a showing entitled *Doug Lindsay's Mainland Tour* at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, from January 7 to 10. The showing opens Thursday evening with a commentary/slide show by critic Elizabeth Polley. A formal reception will be held Friday evening.

Lindsay's works have explored a wide range of interests and styles and can be categorized as "decorative naif." His work features the use of color, large scale, patterns and symbols to tell a narrative story or explore an idea, and range from comedy to social commentary to his epic 8' x 15' "Hieroglyphic Painting."

★ ★ ★

Join Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media for a slideshow and discussion on the topic "Abusive Images of Women in Mass Media and Pornography." The evening, on Tuesday, January 12, at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, asks, does pornography and media violence promote real life violence against women and children. 552-2709.

Revol 2nd Annual Chili Cook-Off

The Revol, 3924 Telegraph Ave. in Oakland, will present the 2nd annual Chili Cook-off Monday, January 18, at 8pm. Entry fee will be \$2; the chili will be a buck a bowl, complete with rolads, salad and crackers. Judging will be at 8pm sharp, with a 1st place prize of \$50, 2nd of \$30, and 3rd of \$20, plus a trophy for each prize. Entry fees, chili sales, bar percentage, and any donations will be given to the Alameda County Special Olympics. Prizes and advertising will be donated by the Revol.

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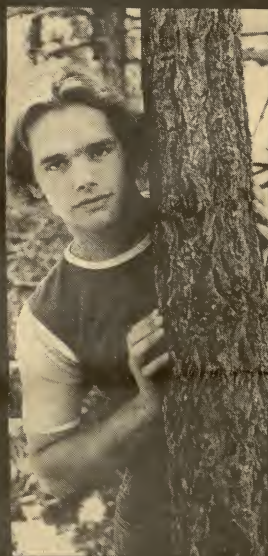


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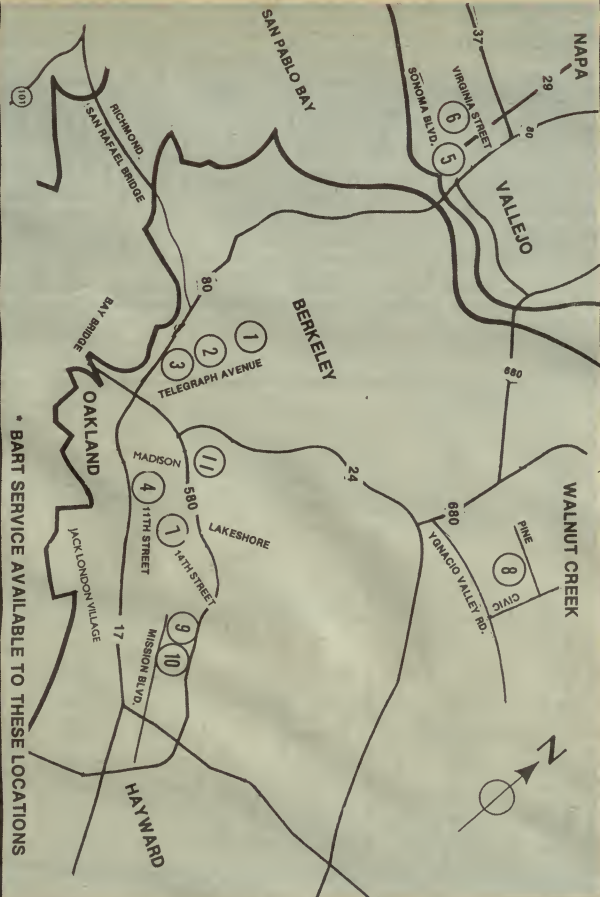
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